CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 36. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 7, 1918 5 CENTS A COPY

The WAGES of SIN

BY J. G. HOWSER.

The Collie Acts as Judge

By Maurice Joy

IT WAS this way. Solomen Engels, a financial genius, had a dearly loved son who died while the winter was still upon us. It is not for us to take of such sorrow. So Solomon went to a friend, who had taken dinner twice at Polly's, and so passed for an authority on art, and says he, says Solomon:

"Can you find me a guy who'll paint a picture of my dead son from a photograph?"

"Sure I can," says the famous author-ity. "Do you want it vorticet cubist, post-impressionist or——"

"Cut," says Solomon. "My son was a good boy. I want——"

"Straight goods," says the famous authority. "I got you."

"There's Ebenezer Stokes," he continued. "He's your man. He has arrived, as they say in Polly's, and his price may be a bit high."

"It ain't a question of a couple of dollars," said Solomon, "as long as the work is all right."

So Solomon went in his limousine—the one he built out of Bethlehem Steel—to see Ebenezer Stokes, the demi-daubet of Macdougal Alley, and after finding that Ebenezer would charge the same for a big picture as for a small one, he said he'd have the big one, and Ebenezer said the exact price would depend on how hard it was to please Solomon.

So Solomon gave Ebenezer the photograph of his dead son and Ebenezer set to work. He worked when the daylight was coming and was the daylight was going, for Ebenezer knew he could get a meal at Polly's on his face) didn't have a client with a limousine every day. And one day he said to Solomon:

"There, Mr. Engels," said Ebenezer, "I'll venture to say this is your son to the life—a fine artistic specimen he looks in his running togs."

"I'd know them anywhere," said Solomon. "I bought those shoes for four dollars at Spalding's. My word, Mr. Stokes, but it's nice to see my boy like——"

It was then that Solomon Junior spoke up. He had come in quietly with his father, as befitted his years, but he couldn't hold his tongue any longer.

"It ain't right, father," he said. "It ain't his stride."

Ebenezer Stokes groaned as he saw Solomon Engels peer more closely at the picture when he heard his boy's words. He groaned again when Solomon lifted his head and [illegible]

[illegible] sadly set to work for the coming of the day until the going of the day, and when he thought all was at last well he left Solomon and Solomon again brought Solomon Junior song. Ebenezer shrank from the boy as he entered, just as he would shrink from Velasquez Infanta or any other old-fashioned thing, but suddenly he saw the boy's eyes light up.

"That's right, Mr. Stokes," he said. "That's his stride, all right."

Ebenezer said to himself that it was always the young generation that saw the truth first, and he turned to Solomon Junior expecting to find the reflection of the boy's glee. But Solomon Senior looked glum now.

"It ain't my boy at all," he said. "It's different now," and a tear of disappointment came into his eyes.

Then he turned sorrowfully, taking Solomon Junior with him But at the door a great pity filled his heart and he went back to Ebenezer Stokes, who was standing speechless by the picture.

"Mr. Stokes," said he, "I know you've put a lot of work in this, but it ain't my boy Still I know an artist when I see one and I want to pay you for your work."

Ebenezer's heart gave a glad bound. A check for a thousand, two thousand, three thousand, maybe! What were a few thousands to Solomon Engels?

Solomon Engels put his hand slowly and he it was a roll of bills, Ebenezer watched him. Men didn't carry thousands in bills, but he could bet a few hundreds—or a hundred even —or——

Ebenezer couldn't believe his eyes. Solomon was handing him a $10 bill.

A great many things happened in Ebenezer's mind. He was [illegible] onds, but ultimately the dignity of art asserted itself.

"Mr. Engels," said he, "I never take money for a picture unless by client is satisfied."

So Solomon and young Solomon went away.

It was then that Henri Bapaume entered. He was a lanky young man who had seen the limousine roll away from Ebenezer's door.

"Ebenezer" said he, "Mon Dieu, I am starving and limousines gather at your door. Lend me $1."

"I have no $1 to lend you, mon cher," said Ebenezer, who had learned his French on the Boul' Miche. "But here, mon ami, is a soldier which I have just finished and which has been refused. Take it—it is your. And here is the bill which Solomon Engels has paid to the old Skylock and tell him you'll do a picture of [illegible]

[illegible] ope of introduction and [illegible] so can here and you will [illegible] the boom of Solomon Engels. There he talked so glibly that he [illegible] commission.

"But that is fine, Mr. Engels," said Henri, "I, an artist of international esteem, I must have an advance."

"How much?" said Solomon.

"Fifty dollars," said Henri.

They compromised at $25 and Henri went off after getting instructions as to how to paint the picture.

After some days Henri called Solomon Senior up on the telephone and said the picture was ready, and to due time Solomon Senior and Solomon Junior came to view it.

"It's him, son," said Solomon Senior. "No, it ain't, pa," said Solomon Junior. And they had a great set-to battling over everything from the picture's hair to its socks, but they could come to no agreement. At last a bright thought struck Solomon Junior.

"Let's get Jack, father," said he. "If it's him Jack'll know him."

"How clever he is, my boy," said Solomon Senior. "We'll get Jack right away," and his face was alight with pleasure.

"Who is this Monsieu Jacque?" asked Henri Bapaume, with misgiving.

"He is my dead boy's faithful dog," said Solomon Senior. "He will know."

Henri groaned, but before his groan was finished his patrons had disappeared. Then he turned against his easel, sad at heart. How dare they judge the work of an artist of international esteem by Jack, the dog!

A dog! Daylight was waning, but a bright light began to grow in Henri's pet wrapping. He watched every inch of the picture with it and then stepped back satisfied to survey his work.

There was a step in the door. Solomon Senior and Solomon Junior entered with a big collie on a leash.

They called the dog up to the picture. He gave a whiff at the canvas and, then craning his head forward, began to lick his old master's sheen. Then he positively bounded with happiness.

"You see, you see, monsieur," cried Henri Bapaume. "He knows, he knows each how much you loved him."

Tears gathered in Solomon Senior's eyes and Solomon Junior was as happy as the dog. So, from Yahoulza Henri Bapaume was rolling home with the tortoise in [illegible]

"How did you do it, Henri?" said Ebenezer Stokes when Henri called him on the phone to tell him of his triumph.

"With half a pound of raw beefsteak, mon cher," said Henri. "It is a new medium for the connoisseur."

When Her Energy Went for Naught

THE very young officer who was sitting on the country club porch where he was in line with the terrace entrance dutifully got to his feet when the girl in the black satin sleeveless coat over white sport clothes darted down his direction.

"Why, Lieutenant Philbricks?" she cried. "The idea! Sitting out there all alone and neglected! You just can't somebody looking after you! You poor thing —I think it's perfectly beautiful to give men the run of the club and then not——"

"Really," began the very young officer, much perturbed, "I'm not neglected at all, Miss Smithers! I was just——"

"I should say you were!" emphatically agreed the girl in the black satin coat, seating herself and smiling at him. "Why, when you come in from the trenches—I mean the camp—you need to be amused and cheered up, and—and everything! Don't you play a game of golf? I'd be just delighted to——"

"That's mighty good of you," said the young man. "But I don't know——"

"Well," said the young woman agreeably, "lots of people don't care about golf. I suppose you get plenty of exercise at camp.

"I think it's just dreadful the way they make you do things and get up so early and march in the mud and everything!" she continued. "I think you have to work dreadfully hard. Really, when I stop to consider all you are going thru for us—for me—I am just overwhelmed and appalled!"

The very young officer laughed out loud. "Now you mustn't feel that way," he told her protestingly. "So far we've been having a tearing good time—and the hard exercise is good for us! Why, we're getting real complexions, if you'll notice, instead of having pasty office faces! Don't pity us—yet!"

"You are right about the complexions," agreed the girl in the sports costume archly. "Really, I never saw such a good looking lot of men as the officers who come here from the camp! You are all such big, stunning fellows and—why, I believe you're blushing! Well, you are, and I think a handsome man never looks handsomer than when he is in uniform! Don't you think it's terribly warm here? Wouldn't you like to go for a little walk to the end of the links and——"

"That's mighty kind of you," the young man cut in, "but if you don't mind I'd rather stay right here. You see——"

"All right," said the young woman still more archly. "I shall do just what you exactly as he wants to! When you are on leave you certainly should be balanced! Is anybody coming up on the terrace? I can't see around that pillar and you seem so absorbed in that direction——"

"What! Oh, no!" said the young officer hastily, withdrawing his gaze from the direction indicated. "There—there isn't a soul in sight. It's a beautiful day, isn't it? Still, it looks a little like rain!"

"Do you think so?" she asked doubtfully. "Oh, by the way, mother is coming out later and she's invited to have you join us at dinner tonight, lieutenant?"

"I certainly appreciate your asking me," the young man told her. "Every one is too good to us. But I'm afraid——"

"Now, lieutenant!" pouted the young woman in the sports costume, looking up from under her lashes at him. "Don't tell me you have to be back in camp tonight! I declare, some one ought to speak to the general or colonel about it! Making you work so hard and then cutting your leave short! You just go and telephone and see whether you can't get off!"

"It's perfectly ridiculous, coming this distance and then having to go straight back! And you need a little recreation for your own sake! Besides, I'm just dying to hear all about your routine at camp and whether you'd like some knitted things. If I don't get them done before you go across I can send them it you'll give me an address which will reach you. I suppose you have dozens of people to knit for! I'm only too glad to do my bit if it's needed. And don't you suppose if you telephone you could take dinner with us——"

The young man, still gazing down the terrace, sprang to his feet as the gallant, tall, handsome young and feminine and all in palest shell pink had waited in thru the long watched entrance.

"Thank you, Miss Smithers," the very young officer said hastily. "But, you see —I'm waiting for my sister Clinkers—I have a dinner engagement with her for tonight. Thank you ever so much!"

"Well!" said the young woman in sports costume as she watched the uniformed figure dash down to the entrance entrance—"well, of all the unappreciative, big-headed—anyhow, I don't see how the Government ever expects to win this war if they give stupids like Henry Philbricks commissions! The idea!"

* * *

Antique Furniture.

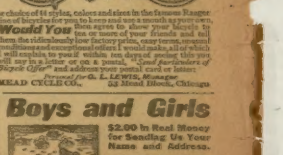
THE little town was highly excited over the announced engagement of the 19-year-old widow to Mr. Hoary. "Why, Jane," said her friend, said to the young widow, "you're not going to tie yourself to that old man. Why, he's more than twice your age! What are you doing it for?"

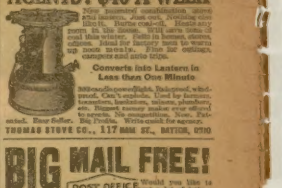
"Oh, I can't resist having him!" said the young widow, "he's an antique, and so beautifully with my antique furniture!"

* * *

Had Seen It Before.

A WESTERN Congressman in discussing the long droughts that sometimes afflict his State tells this story: "One day some one asked an old farmer, 'How would you like to see it rain?' 'I don't care about it myself,' said the old man, 'but I've got a boy 6 years old who would like to see it rain.'





FOUNDED 1873
Single Copies—5 Cents
Delivered by Agent
One Year (52 issues)—$1.50
By Mail Direct to You

CHICAGO LEDGER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 7, 1918. No. 36.

A Beautiful Woman and Blackmail Feature This Novelette of Mystery and Action

THE WAGES OF SIN

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

By J. G. Howser

CHAPTER I.
HOWARD, THE FINANCIER, MEETS DEATH.

JOHN GORSE, citizen of the world in general, and of New York in particular, stood on the doorstep of his shack and drank in the beauty of the North woods. After three relentless years of unremitting toil in the granite canyons of the city, he felt like an escaped prisoner, and wanted to make the most of his short freedom.

Round about him the dew glistened on the red and gold-flecked foliage that hedged in the clearing around the shack. A hundred feet away three giant evergreens stood like silent sentinels, their grotesque shadows falling across the stream from which he got his drinking water.

The wind was coming from the northeast. It accentuated the purling music of the brook and sent a mass of falling leaves scurrying away like naughty schoolchildren. Gorse felt its freshness against his cheek, its tang carrying a suggestion of the winter that was to come. Far off a whistle sounded, once in a long uninterrupted shriek, and he knew it was the train pulling into Grimes Center from Portland.

He sighed; at that moment he was anxious to forget civilization and its attendant modernities. Therefore he deliberately turned his back on the sound, and started out at a pleasant gait for Big Steve's cabin, five miles due south. [illegible] he still heard the distant chug-chug of the train as it [illegible] way. At almost all hours [illegible] sively he turned about and retraced his steps. The trip to Big Steve's would have to wait. He was going on to the station to see what news had come to him from the outside world.

Grimes Center, lying at the base of a series of hills, and looping over the banks of a small stream which feeds the Madawaska River, slept on in the peace of late afternoon when Gorse reached it. Grimes Center isn't a town. It consists mainly of a combination railroad station and telegraph office, and one dingy general store, encircled in the center by a rickety saloon and what passes for a hotel.

Gorse first entered the general store, bought a package of tobacco, and then crossed over to the station. There was only one letter there for him. He opened it slowly and began to read. It came from Tom Harvey, and was dated three days earlier. He reread it several times in a dazed fashion before he realized what had happened. Tom wrote:

"You would scarcely believe that any one would want to kill Bailly Howard, but yesterday morning we found him seated at his desk, his head resting on his hands. He had been murdered, and from all the appearance of the office there had been no struggle.

"The police have no clew to follow. Come down and help us solve this mystery. We need you.

"TOM HARVEY."

Gorse walked outside and leaned against the wooden wall. Less than two weeks earlier he had talked to the financier in his New York office. At that time Howard was busily engaged with two foreigners, who to all intents and purposes were representing a rubber company in South America. He had seen both these men in Howard's office, and neither one of them had impressed him favorably.

As Gorse turned over the events in his mind he could not help feeling that these two men had been connected with Howard's death in some way. How far their business dealings had progressed he had no idea. Even what their objective was, was unknown to him. Yet he determined to find out just as soon as he reached New York. The train for Boston from the north was due at seven o'clock. He looked at his watch. He had three hours in which to get back to his shack, pack his clothes and return to the station.

He set out immediately for his cabin, and reached it an hour later. The sun was going down behind a mass of evergreens, and the light was already beginning to dim. Far off he heard a faint "Halloo!" and knew that Big Steve was coming to find out what had happened. Gorse opened the door and called out to him.

He was astonished to see Gorse standing in the midst of his packing, with an overcoat over one arm and a vest perched dizzily on one shoulder, as he bent over his suitcase.

"What! Leaving us so soon?" he asked. "I thought you liked the woods."

Gorse pointed to the letter which lay on the table. Big Steve read it, and looked understandingly at his friend.

"Ah," he said, "so that's it. Need any aid?"

"Not just now; but the chances are that I may. When can I reach you at Quebec?"

"I'm leaving here in a week. If you need me, wire me any time after next Tuesday."

The packing was finished by that time, and Big Steve promised to walk the five miles to the station with Gorse. The train from the north was pulling in as they turned the curve in the road. Gorse boarded it, and was soon speeding on the way to New York.

His first thought on reaching his apartment was to call up Conde, Trevil & Co., the law firm which always handled Howard's business. Thru them he learned that Gaulin, one of the foreigners interested in the rubber interests in South America, had been appointed in the late Mr. Howard's will as an executor. He was somewhat disconcerted by this information; he had had no idea that Bailly Howard had any but the most formal relationship with Gaulin, and he determined to find out more. Accordingly he set out almost immediately for Howard's offices.

When he entered the suite Simmons, the old bookkeeper, stepped out and confronted him. It was evident from his manner that he did not recognize Gorse.

Simmons' Face Paled and He Tottered and Fell Heavily Against the Wall.

He collapsed at his desk the day before yesterday, and his mother insisted that he take a vacation and stay away from the office until he feels better. Can I do anything for you?"

Gorse smiled. "Then you don't know who I am?" he asked. "Don't you remember me? Why, when I left this office only two weeks ago you shook my hand."

The old man looked at him searchingly. "Gorse?" he questioned.

"Of course."

"Did Harvey write you about Howard's death?"

"Yes, and I expected to see him here; but that doesn't matter. You can tell me what I want to know as well as he can. Will you?"

"Naturally. When we found Howard there were no marks on his body, but under his hand, clutched to his desk by grasping fingers, was part of a paper which evidently was a written agreement to pay to some one—who it was we don't know, as the letters of his name as well as those of Mr. Howard's signature were torn away—the immense sum of five hundred thousand dollars. The figures of the amount were written in the usual place, in the upper right-hand corner, while the jagged edges of the paper and the clutch of the dead man's hand still holding it showed there had been an effort to forcibly jerk it away from him. That it had been only partially successful was evident by the remnant still remaining in his grasp.

"There might have been no evidence of the motive for his killing if they had gained possession of the complete instrument, but my theory is that the murderer [illegible] away before they [illegible] victim. Whoever the [illegible] must have acted in his back, as was demonstrated by the coroner and his men here in his office, as this was the only means by which it could have been done so quietly. You will remember, Mr. Howard was a fighting man and he never would have succumbed without some marks of violence in the office and to himself, if the assault had been made from the front. It was a cowardly deed, Mr. Gorse, whoever committed it, and no mistake."

Simmons got up hastily and walked with swift steps the length of the long office before he could control his voice sufficiently to continue. "He was strong beyond the average man and it would have gone hard with any one if they had given half a chance for his life."

Gorse sat in silence waiting for the old man to continue as he pleased. He kept a close watch on every movement made by Simmons—having in mind the moment of his weakness and its cause.

In a few moments the old man went on with his story.

"We have not even a suspicion who did it, but Harvey waited hoping you would come at once. He could not imagine what could cause your delay. Then he got too ill to wait any longer—and—I don't—know where—he is." There was something in his hesitating speech that gave the impression of unexpressed concealment.

"Of course, I can tell some things, giving them for what they are worth, but the coroner and every one else to whom I have told them seem to think the information is worth nothing. Harvey has another opinion, and he believes you can find some clew wrapped up in it sufficient to start on anyway.

"Now, I only know that the Sunday on which he might have met his death, I came here to the office and thought to work for an hour or two, as I have a habit of doing often when work is brisk and we seem to be running behind. I had just settled down to business when the telephone on my desk rang and some one—it was a man's voice—asked for Simmons.

"Now I answered that I was Simmons, the voice said I was not to work that day, as Mr. Howard was to be at the office with a party of business men to discuss a business affair that was of a specially private nature and he did not want any one present during the transaction.

"As I went out of the door here—you may know that Mr. Howard always used the private door opening into his inner private office by way of his lavatory—I

saw or thought I saw his office door open a trifle and a man's face peer out. I could not believe it was so, but I did not want to go away with such a thought in my mind, so when I reached the elevator I turned back to find out.

"When I tried his door there was no evidence of its having been open, of course. So I determined to go back around the corner of the hall and enter by way of the main offices and make an examination of the whole suite just to ease my conscience. This door also was locked.

"As I closed the door leading from the reception room into the hall, I walked back toward the bank of elevators. When I reached the turn in the hall once more, from which point I could get my first view of both doors at once, a man was coming down the last three or four steps of the flight leading to the floor above. While passing me on the stairs—he was a young man and naturally could go down much faster than I could—he raised his hat slightly and passed the time of day.

"At first I was surprised, but then I remembered there were many foreigners in the building, and our being alone in the halls didn't seem very unusual.

"The thing that kept recurring to my mind, however, was how did he get there on the stairway just where and when he did, as it was an impossibility for him to be there without my having seen him coming down. But what made it stay more firmly in my mind was the conversation I had with Jensen, the janitor, who met me as I neared the front door before passing out onto the street."

Simmons stopped and looked at Gorse deprecatingly. "I don't want to talk you to death, Mr. Gorse, and I may be getting garrulous, so don't hesitate to tell me there is nothing in this to help in finding the murderer of my best friend, and I'll quit talking at once."

Gorse motioned him to continue.

"Simmons," Gorse spoke without waiting a moment for the old man to recover from his painful recital of facts, "who has the scrap of paper that was held in the grasp of the murdered man's fingers when he was first found? Where is that paper now?"

Simmons looked up with startled eyes, but did not answer.

"But, Simmons," Gorse persisted, "you surely must know who had the scrap of paper in charge. It would not be left to chance to preserve the most important bit of evidence in the whole summing up of the information so far given. You must know what became of it."

When he saw an answer was demanded of him, Simmons drew himself up to his full height and replied sharply: "That, Mr. Gorse, you will have to find out elsewhere. I have told you all I can, [illegible] low me." The old man walked with bowed head and stooping shoulders into the next office and closed the door between.

Gorse sat stupefied for a moment, then going to the door which had been closed so summarily turned the knob and addressed Simmons as tho there had been nothing unusual in their parting. "By the way, Simmons, would you be able to recognize the man who passed you on the stairs if you should see him again?"

"I'm sure I could, Mr. Gorse. He was only about two feet away from me when he went down the stairs in front of me. I noticed him more particularly because I was trying to figure where he had sprung from so quickly.

"There is one thing I would like cleared up, Mr. Gorse. Of all the evidence that may be found, the thing to me of the most importance is that man. What I would like to have explained is this: If Jensen was correct about there being no one in the building how could that man—who was clearly a stranger—have been a few feet from that door as tho having come down the stairs from above, when the stairway as you know is open, with no chance for concealment on the way down, and I was where I could plainly see him if he had? Where could he have come from, if not from out of that room where Mr. Howard even then must have been done to death?"

Gorse Turned His Prisoner Over to the Central Station.

CHAPTER II.

GORSE MAKES AN IMPORTANT CATCH.

ALMOST immediately after leaving Simmons, Gorse started on his way to Tom Harvey's home, meantime taking the time to step into a public telephone booth and call up "Billy the Kid," who had aided him on more than one hazardous man-hunt. After explaining what he wanted, he resumed his journey and reached the Harvey home in midafternoon.

Tom Harvey and his mother lived in an imposing mansion with large grounds surrounding it, in a little town sixteen miles north of the city proper. John Gorse knew the house and its grounds very well and, as he walked up the broad, shaded, gravel road to the house, he could not help reflecting on the last time he had been there, when Bally Howard was still alive, and Tom was his own happy self.

As he rang the bell he wondered what kind of a welcome Mrs. Harvey would tender him—she had always been a reserved woman—and he was pleasantly surprised when Mrs. Harvey herself came to the door and escorted him upstairs to her son's room. After a few moments' conversation she left them, and Tom turned his eager, glittering eyes on Gorse.

"What are th-they doing?" he asked anxiously. "Did they find who—who——" He could go no further, and Gorse laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Don't excite yourself," he said soothingly. "Everything is all right. If you really want to help us, will you tell me what became of that torn check which Howard held in his hand, the morning you saw him—sitting there? Did you see it, or did some one else take it away before you got in?"

"I was the first in the room. I got the check, but some one has taken it." He broke into a distraught sobbing that [illegible] Harvey [illegible] the room and nothing more was said. Her manner was cold and distant, and it was evident that she was displeased. This Gorse set down as justifiable anxiety over her son's welfare, and, after a few moments more of desultory conversation, left the house.

He pondered long over Tom Harvey's words. Some one had the rest of the check. Who could it be? He was relieved to find "Billy the Kid" waiting for him in the hallway of his own apartment.

Billy immediately broke into a voluble chatter, which Gorse only succeeded in checking some few moments later. However, Billy had gleaned some information, and with this as a basis the clews began to straighten themselves out. True, Gorse was working on a blind chain of evidence. He had no specific reason for believing anything against Gaulin, yet the very fact that he had been appointed executor of an estate whose late owner was no more to him than a mere business acquaintance with whom his relations were most formal, was enough.

Billy told how he had traced Gaulin to the Le Rouge Cafe and had watched him as he talked with the barkeeper there. At this information Gorse started up.

"Le Rouge Cafe, you say. Where did he go from there?"

"He's still there, I believe. He settled himself at a table and to all appearances was there to stay for the evening."

"Well, then, go back there and watch him. If he stays there, telephone me, and I'll come down. And keep a sharp lookout."

Billy left hurriedly, and Gorse immediately called the nearest telegraph office. He dictated a message to the girl at the other end. It was directed to Big Steve, who by that time was in Quebec. The message summoned him to New York to help solve the Howard mystery.

Just as Gorse hung up the receiver the telephone bell jangled. As he picked up the receiver again he heard Billy's voice at the other end.

"Frenchy's not here, but there's a friend of his in the back room. You know where," said Billy in subdued tones so that his voice might not carry to the denizens of the cafe. With this, the receiver at the other end was hung up with precision, and Billy knew that Gorse would be on his way in a moment.

Waiting to hear no more, Gorse hurriedly left his apartment. Downstairs he found Durkin, his chauffeur, waiting with the car which he had ordered before Billy's arrival.

"To the Le Rouge Cafe," said Gorse shortly, and before the words were spoken the car was under way. They sped along in defiance of speed regulations and before ten minutes had passed Gorse found himself a block away from the cafe.

"Wait here," he commanded, "and be on your guard, for if things begin to happen there will be use for you, and that on short order." Then Gorse rounded the corner, passed down the musty stairs leading to the restaurant, and entered, closing the door behind him as tho fearful of being followed.

With well simulated fear, Gorse approached the barkeeper. He was breathing heavily, as tho he had run a great distance, and his words came between short breaths. Just as he had started to tell his mission a ragged young fellow in the corner, who had seemingly fallen asleep from the wine he had been imbibing, upset the half-emptied bottle on his table. The bottle rolled off the table and hit the floor with a crash. Gorse looked around quickly, and saw Billy. But the barkeeper paid no attention to the incident, and listened closely to the story which was being told him. Then turning to a door just in back of him he motioned Gorse to enter.

Gorse found himself in a small box-like inclosure, not larger than the width of the small door. As he stood wondering what would come next his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he perceived dimly that a panel of wood which seemed to be a part of the partition moved slowly from its place. A voice demanded his business, and Gorse lied glibly.

The answer evidently was satisfactory, and the panel widened a trifle. Gorse walked thru the entrance which it afforded. The room which he now entered was large, with heavy steel doors. It was lighted dimly, and Gorse saw that one of its two occupants was the man whom he had seen frequently with Gaulin. Skillfully, after a few preliminary remarks, Gorse led to the subject of Howard's mysterious death. On mention of Howard's name, Gaulin's companion cringed and shrank still further back in the shadow of the small room, but made no answer to Gorse's inquiries, nor did Gorse press him. In fact, he suddenly changed the subject and began to dwell on his own safety.

"In ten minutes I will have to go, but before I go I want to give you a more substantial evidence of my gratitude than mere words of thanks." With this he took a large roll of bills from his pocket, and stripping off two of golden color and large denomination he handed them to the greedy-eyed listeners.

Once more Gorse looked at his watch [illegible] Henri, who was vacillating between fear of being betrayed and desire to escape safely from the room, suddenly grew bold and lay a detaining hand on Gorse's arm as he was about to leave the room.

"Take me with you," he whispered. Gorse nodded his consent, and, opening the door, walked out. At his heels sped the Frenchman. As they stepped out into the passageway Gorse chose a divergent opening whereby they might reach the street, and after picking his way carefully emerged from a doorway fifty feet away from where the taxi stood. Durkin was seated at the wheel, ready to get under way at the first word from Gorse. Gorse motioned Henri to enter, but at that moment Henri hesitated. He seemed to sense danger in the attitude of the driver. Quickly he darted back in an effort to escape by way of the alley.

The flight was useless. He was overpowered immediately by the three men who had been stationed by Billy at different points at the rear of the cafe, and was carried bodily to the machine and placed at Gorse's side. Gorse snapped a pair of steel bracelets on his wrists, and at the touch of the cold metal Henri collapsed.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

GORSE turned his prisoner over to the captain of the Central station and gave orders that no one was to see the prisoner, that he was not to be booked, and that he should be held without being questioned until his return. In the meanwhile he returned to his apartment and looked over some mail which had gathered during the day and which he had been unable to take care of. As he conned over the pages he was overcome by weariness, and throwing himself down on the lounge in his study, fell asleep. It was fully seven hours later that he awoke to find the sun streaming in on him thru the uncurtained window.

Gorse rose lazily and looked ruefully at his crumpled suit. He then substituted another for it and was on his way to the dining-room to get his breakfast when his door bell rang imperiously. He hastened to answer it and found a boy standing there with a message in his hand. Gorse took it, closed the door again and began to read. It was a night letter from Big Steve, informing him that he would be on his way immediately, since business of his own called him to New York.

Steven Brooks arrived a day later, and when he and Gorse were comfortably settled in Gorse's big library, he began to relate in detail the business which had brought him to New York.

Further Effort to Make the Prisoner Talk Was Useless.

"You see," he began, "it all started when several banks in Quebec were stung by the placing of collateral which bore the name of our murdered friend, Bally Howard."

Gorse started at the mention of this name, but he quieted himself immediately. "Go on," he said calmly enough.

"The fellow that acted as agent for him called himself Bertrand, but it's a safe bet that wasn't his name. Well, when he got rid of the stuff he skipped town and left nary a clew of his whereabouts. The only thing we know about him is that he speaks French fluently and while he was in Canada [illegible] with the oldest French families. [illegible] have a photo of him, true enough, but it's an old, faded one that we found in his rooms after making a search when he skipped town." At this point Brooks drew forth a faded picture and tossed it across the table to where Gorse was sitting. "Look like any one you know?" he asked.

Gorse put it under a powerful magnifying glass and examined it closely. "What if I were to tell you I know the man?" he demanded.

"There's a pile of money in it for both of us," Steve put in eagerly. "If you know who he is spill it."

"Unless my eyes deceive me, this is my man Gaulin that I've been trailing in connection with the Howard murder. Striking resemblance, I should say, altho the picture must have been taken some years ago. By the way, we've got his chum and co-worker locked up pending examination. Want to come down to the station to hear what he has to say?"

Brooks assented eagerly, and Gorse and his fellow worker started on foot for the station, which was only a short distance away. Capt. Murphy escorted the two detectives to his private office and Henri was brought in. Gorse looked at him in amazement. He could scarcely believe that a man could change so much in such a short time. Henri was a miserable, abject wreck. Indeed, it was only with the assistance of two guards that he was able to walk into the office from his cell. Even before Gorse began to question him he set to babbling about his part in the murder and begged for clemency.

After much effort Henri's story was taken down coherently, an affidavit was made out and signed and Henri was led before the judge while the necessary witnesses heard him attest the truth of the contents of the paper. And then he was led away, and the first link in the chain of evidence against Bally Howard's murderers was filed away to await confirmation from other sources.

Just as Gorse and Steven Brooks stepped out of the captain's office a woman entered. She was heavily veiled, and as she put her questions to the desk sergeant her voice shook with suppressed excitement. Because of the dimness of the room she did not see either of the men, but her figure, which was silhouetted against the window, looked vaguely familiar to Gorse, and he pulled Steven's coat sleeve. Instinctively the big man stopped, and both stood still and listened.

"I understand you have a prisoner by the name of Henri——" She stopped a moment, then continued. "His last name is immaterial. He is a Frenchman, and I have come to talk to him. I have been

requested to find out why he is here, and to procure a lawyer for his defense."

Casey opened the pages of his book of records, ran his finger down the column of names, and then looking up shook his head. "No such party booked," he said, turning toward the woman. "If there was I would know about it."

The woman's eyes gleamed thru the meshes of her veil. "I'm very well aware that his name is not on the book. Nevertheless I have been informed that he is in cell number three and has been here since last Thursday. The details of his arrest are in my possession, so if you will be so kind as to give orders for me to see him it might help. Your captain may be present at the interview if he pleases. But you can make up your mind that if you don't let me talk to him freely I'll manage to communicate with him some other way."

Casey smiled. "Sure, lady," he said, "I wopid do anything I could for you, but while you ask in impossible, if you like I'll telephone the other stations to find out if they have the man."

Scornfully she turned away and swept out of the station without another word. Gorse, who had been listening to her arguing with Casey, felt his growing conviction that he knew that voice, followed her with his eyes as she left the room. Suddenly it struck him like a blow who she was. He gasped, then hurried to the window where he watched her enter a waiting hack and drive away. Immediately he asked the captain for another interview with Henri. On reaching the cell door Gorse suddenly demanded:

"Henri, what connection has the lady with this affair?"

With gleaming eyes and hands clasped in an ecstasy of pleasure Henri bounded to his feet. "Ah, you have seen her, the magnificent—" Then realizing that he had revealed the only secret remaining in his heart, he threw himself down on his cot and refused to say another word.

Gorse tried to draw him out for more than an hour, and it was only when he was finally convinced that further effort to make the prisoner talk was useless that he left the station. The strange turn in affairs that the woman's presence indicated occupied his mind as he hurried on to the offices of Conde, Trevil & Co., the administrators of Howard's estate.

CHAPTER IV.
THE WEB TIGHTENS AROUND GAULIN.

IT WAS Gorse's intention to see Trevil alone, and on arriving at the office he dismissed the lawyer's suite he found Trevil seated at his desk. He arose and bowed coldly, and, after seeing that the door leading to the office was closed, settled himself for the interview. Gorse began by telling him what had happened earlier that morning. As he proceeded Trevil became more and more interested, and from time to time the lawyer seemed on the point of interrupting, but he checked himself and heard Gorse thru. When the latter had finished, he cleared his throat and began to speak.

"Since we saw you last, Mr. Gorse," he said, "we too have made an important discovery. You will remember that we first became aware of the terms of the agreement as an administrator of Howard's estate when he suavely handed us a regularly made out check for $5,000 a few days later than the will which we had in our safe.

"This power conferred on Gaulin was great, and mentioned in detail and most particularly the handling of Canadian railroad bonds, which by that branch of the business completely in Gaulin's hands.

"Of course we wished to make sure that the appointment was authentic and for that reason we delayed probating the will. This irritated Gaulin, who wanted immediate action, and aroused the suspicions of the other four administrators. Between them there was a touch of deadly antagonism, and it was only with the utmost tact that I kept them from breaking into one another's throats.

"However, Gaulin's irritation and anxiety to get the matter over with aroused my suspicions more than ever. We made a thoro investigation and achieved some startling results." He smiled as Gorse, for the last question, replied, "If you want to know what they were, stay here for a half hour. I have called a meeting of the executors for twelve thirty. It may prove interesting to you. So that your presence may not be known to the rest you can go into that little closet off the directors' room, where they will meet."

Gorse rose immediately. "I'll go there now to make sure that no one will see me."

Silently both he and Trevil left the private office, crossed the hall and entered the small room. "There's a door facing on a private corridor," whispered Trevil as he left. "If you get tired you might step out for a moment or two."

"No danger," answered Gorse. "I've been in tighter corners than this."

For fifteen minutes the large room on the other side of the door was silent. Then the door opened and Gorse heard the hum of voices.

"Where's Gaulin?" some one asked, and from that he knew that Gaulin had not yet arrived.

There were still fifteen minutes. At last he came in looking more pale and haggard than any of them had ever seen him. He sat down and drummed on the mahogany table nervously with his fingers. Then Gorse heard Trevil's voice from me by a well concocted scheme to get hold of Howard's millions."

Trevil, stung by the insulting tone, jumped up. "You cannot have them," he said, "they are forgeries. We need them as proof."

Gaulin snarled and bared his teeth like an angry animal. The other men stood gaping at him.

Trevil waited for his words to take effect, then continued. "I have had the opinions of five different experts on it. Each one examined the signature unknown to the others, and each declares by affidavit that the signature has been traced or transferred from an original to the document. The pencil tracing shows clear enough. Not only that, but from the wording of the last will I am led to believe that Mr. Howard was aware of the existence of this paper or

"Now Get in There," He Ordered, Pointing to the Cabin.

There were a few introductory remarks, the crackle of parchment paper and Trevil was reading the last will of the dead millionaire. Gorse, who had heard it in the vaults and bore a date three days previous to Howard's death, followed the lawyer's voice, the low tone and careful inflection of the legal phraseology. Then finally Trevil came to this passage:

"I bequeath to my son the residue of my estate subject to the conditions heretofore mentioned. My son disappeared when an infant, but I have proof that he was alive when he reached the age of ten. All effort to learn anything later of him proved futile, but no final adjustment of my estate will be made until after a period of ten years passes, unless irrefutable proof of his death is made. My son was born May 29, 1888, and was in charge of his governess, Julia Swayne, when he disappeared.

"Full details are given in a letter accompanying this instrument, which is placed in the exclusive care and administration of the members of the firm of Conde, Trevil & Co., in whom I have the greatest confidence.

"Any instrument purporting to be drawn after these date to invalidate and any instrument of whatever nature bearing any other than the date is declared herein and hereby null and void."

The document bore the well known signature of the dead financier, the will being spread out on the table for the men, who bent over it interestedly. It was properly drawn and witnessed. However, the letter mentioned in the will was not produced, and Gaulin immediately demanded that it be placed before them.

Trevil demurred. "That is a matter resting entirely with the firm and has no direct bearing upon the present directorate. As I understand the matter, without prejudice to any one, it is self-evident that the power of administrators is dissolved: in fact it never had any legal existence. Therefore it is my duty to hand each of your gentlemen the proratio amount named in the will as the sum to be paid for the services of administrator. Your clerks will now place in your hands a check for the sum, for which in turn you will give your receipt."

The castles in Spain which had been the daily and nightly visions of Gaulin melted in a flash. He spoke a few hard words, and left him powerless. Madness seized him. He whirled around and faced Trevil with a drawn knife. After the first outburst, however, he managed to control his voice.

"I have left my commission under the other will in your safe, subject to my demand, in the presence of those other gentlemen. I now ask you to restore it to me as the only evidence that I have that these plans were not figments of your imagination, and that the money necessary to put them thru was withheld some other document whereby his estate was to be defrauded. What is more, his last will seems to indicate that he has been the victim of blackmail for a good number of years. Today all that has ended."

He looked straight at Gaulin when he came to a stop. The Frenchman rose from his chair, bowed stiffly and before another word was spoken left the room. Gorse waited impatiently in the closet until the others should leave also. The clerk brought in a statement in which the administrators' services were set down in detail, each of the four remaining men signed it, received their checks and left. When they had gone Gorse came out of his hiding place. He thanked Trevil hastily and without further words walked out.

CHAPTER V.
THE HOUNDS ON THE SCENT.

AS SOON as he had left the offices of Conde, Trevil & Co., Gorse put himself in touch with Billy the Kid, whom he had not seen in some time. Then he went home to rest. It was late that night that his telephone rang, and when he picked up the receiver he heard Billy's voice running on excitedly at the other end.

"Gorse, Gorse, is it you?"

"Yes, this is Gorse. What's wanted?"

"That Frenchman has gone; no trace as to how or where, but just plain skipped."

"Well, of course. Why didn't you watch him as I told you?"

"I did, but it's not Gaulin I am talking about. He's gone, too, but I know where he went."

"Well, then what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about Henri."

"What! You don't mean to say they let him slip thru their fingers? It's impossible. How did he get away?"

"Don't know. They told me down at Central that they gave him his supper about 5 o'clock, and after that his cell door was locked. When the jailer made his rounds Henri was gone. Not a trace of him could they find, and the door to the cell was locked. I'll bet something that woman who came down to interview him had something to do with it. She said she'd get to him—and, she sure did."

Gorse was stunned. He said nothing for a moment. Then finally he thought of Gaulin, whom Billy had mentioned.

"Well," he demanded in staccato-like tones, "what about Gaulin? You said you knew where he was."

"Yes; took the train for some little burg in Maine, and I'm not surprised if he'll beat his way across the Canadian border from there."

"Call up Steve Brooks and tell him—quick."

"Did. He's on his way to Portland now. From there he says he'll take a machine. Get him there faster than the train."

"Good," said Gorse, "and now tell me where Gaulin headed for. I've got a hunch that this Henri will be with him."

"It's a place called Grimes Center."

"Grimes Center! Well, evidently M. Gaulin doesn't know how well Steve and myself are acquainted with the surrounding country. We camped up there this summer. In fact, I came back because of a letter which announced Howard's murder. It looks as tho our friend Gaulin is walking into a trap."

After a few more words, Gorse hung up the receiver and sat down to think. Would it not be a good thing for him to go to Grimes Center and help Big Steve? The more he thought about it the more expedient it seemed to be for him to go north. In all probability Henri would be with Gaulin, and more than one man was needed to cope with two such criminals. The hands of the clock pointed to midnight when Gorse arose. At 12:30 there was a flyer for Boston. If he made that train, he might be able to catch the slower-going freight which was heading for Grimes Center via Boston and Portland.

Gorse determined to try. Hastily he threw a few of his belongings into a small handbag, and by 12:15 was on his way to the station. He boarded the train. It took him to Boston where he had to make the train for Grimes Center, which he reached early the following morning.

The station master greeted him with the information that Big Steve had gone to his cabin up in the woods.

"Any strangers arrive?" he asked, casually.

"No. You and the big fellow were the only two that came in yesterday or today."

"Well, if you can lend me your buggy and a horse, I'd like to make my way to Steve's cabin."

"Sure, go ahead, take it," said the man heartily. "I'll send my kid up with you so he can drive it back."

It took a few minutes for the horse to be hitched to the vehicle, and soon a lanky, red-haired boy of 15 or 16 emerged from the rooms off the station and took the reins. As they drove off Gorse shouted back to the station master:

"If any strangers arrive, keep them straight. I'll be around again this afternoon."

As the buggy lumbered along he became more and more convinced that he was headed in the right direction. He did not question the driver, but requested the boy to drive on. The distance thru the gloomy woods seemed interminable, but at last when he reached Big Steve's shack he was glad to see the smoke pouring from the chimney and hear the well-throated growl of Injun, Big Steve's dog.

Steve himself was surprised to see Gorse. He greeted the newcomer warmly before entering the cabin and then went in only to eat a hasty meal and get ready for flight. As he was leaving Gorse remembered leaving some valuable stores.

As they started to leave Injun jumped up, glad to go on what he thought was a hunting trip. Steve looked at the dog contemptuously. "Get back inside," he commanded. When within a few feet of the window Gorse crawled forward until he was in a position to take in the whole scene still. What he saw, not only startled him but caused him to drop swiftly to the ground again and motion Big Steve to join him.

There, in Gorse's cabin, stood Gaulin and at his feet lay Henri, bound hand and foot. They were the last people he had expected to see in his own shack. He heard Gaulin say, and he heard Henri's moaning voice, begging for mercy. Then Gaulin laughed. It was a diabolical laugh that made even his blood run cold.

"Never!" he was saying. "I brought you here because it was far away from prying eyes, and I mean to exact the penalty. You are a traitor. Death is your fate—it is only justice."

A scream of agony rang out as Gorse and Big Steve sprang up and rushed into the cabin. But they were too late. Gaulin had already sunk his knife deep between Henri's shoulders, and stood over him now, with his back to the door, watching the last convulsive shudder of his victim.

As he turned around, he was suddenly aware of two guns turned on him at

close range, and looking up, he recognized his antagonists. Without hesitating for a second he bounded past them and made his way out into the open. The cracking of two shots rang out simultaneously, but Gaulin was gone, and now had the protection of the trees.

In the meanwhile Injun sprang up, the hair on his neck bristling, and pursued the fugitive. Gaulin sprang and Big Steve knew that his dog had fallen by the hand of the assassin. It sent his blood raging, and after a few minutes of hurried consultation he and Gorse decided to trail Henri's murderer while the crime was still fresh. He did not propose to give Gaulin time to intrench himself or get any distance from the cottage.

While Gorse took it upon himself to wrap up Henri's body preparatory to burying him, Steve went to Indian runner to Grimes Center to notify the authorities there of the murder and to watch for the murderer, who might be trying to escape. The Indian took the message, snobbily refused to take a leather case, which he kept for that purpose, and without a word to either man, started down the path with the speed of an arrow.

After clearing the cabin, in which a struggle had evidently taken place before Henri was shot, they closed the door and started out with a feeling in their hearts that they had seen the last of Gaulin. For two days they searched, spending both day and night in the open, trailing the Frenchman from the cabin until he struck a beaten path leading toward the river bank. There the trail ended. After a speedy meal they agreed to separate, work toward the north and meet at nightfall in Big Steve's own cabin.

Most than an hour Gorse had been walking thru the thick underbrush, every nerve tense, every fiber strained to the utmost. Gorse was ready for the worst, but it was nothing. Disappointed, he struck out in another direction; twice he crossed Steve's path, but failed to recognized by signs which the detective-woodsman left, and by nightfall, disappointed and tired, he made his way back to his partner's shack.

As he neared the edge of the small clearing surrounding the cabin he was surprised to see the door shut and the dog Injun curled up on the ground in front of it. The sight of that dog made him step back among the trees and after a few moments spent in contemplative silence he deliberately stepped out into the open. Instantly the sound of a rifle broke the stillness of the woods. Gorse hoped that the reverberation of that gunshot would bring Big Steve hurrying up to his camp.

However, to play safe, he fell flat on the ground and lay there. He rightly believed that this action would bring his assailant out of doors to see with what accuracy he had hit his mark. It took a very little time before the door opened slowly and a man stood on the threshold, still carrying the rifle with which he had shot at his unwelcome visitor. At last, being satisfied that he had probably wounded him fatally, he leaned his weapon against the tree at the side of the door and stealthily approached Gorse, who was lying in wait for him.

CHAPTER VI.

GAULIN A PRISONER.

"HANDS UP!" ordered Gorse as he sprang up, and trained his gun on the fugitive.

Gaulin seemed in a daze, too much so to respond to the order or to make a fight for his life, Gorse thought. The two days in the woods, with no way to get food except a few wild berries, had tamed the spirit. It was a matter of but a minute for Gorse to remove a huge dirk from his prisoner's hip pocket and face him toward the cabin.

"Now get in there," he ordered, pointing toward the cabin, "and don't make a move to get away or I'll shoot you like I would a wolf."

Gaulin eyed his captor blackly and looked around for some means of escape. But Gorse was relentless. He pushed his prisoner into the cabin and then taking a piece of rope from the ground bound manacled him. With another piece he bound his feet.

When Gaulin saw that he became abject in his appeals and fell to his knees before Gorse, stretching out his hands as one in mortal terror. The two days in the woods, with no way to get food except a few wild berries, had tamed the spirit. It was a matter of but a minute for Gorse to remove a huge dirk from his prisoner's hip pocket and face him toward the cabin.

Gorse turned from him in disgust. "Keep your hands to yourself, you red-handed murderer. I'm in no mood for your nonsense."

When Gorse had walked to the other end of the shack, Gaulin, whose eye was ever on the door, rolled toward it warily. Just outside stood the rifle. If he could get his hands on it, there was a chance. A low growl stopped him. There in the door stood Injun with fangs exposed, with stiffened back and spinal hair on end.

Gaulin gave one shriek and cowered there on the floor. "The devil!" he cried in French. "Injun is killed by him, the dog. Three times he comes back to life. See there, where the bullets go thru, and still he lives and comes back for me." He covered his face on his arms, while superstition ran riot in his mind. Still the dog watched him, then fell exhausted on the floor.

Gorse hurried out and picked him up tenderly, placed him on the bunk and bathed his wounds with water. He stopped to look up at Gorse, and licked his hand. Once Gaulin moved and the dog growled. And while Gorse dressed his wounds, and he moaned with pain, Gaulin lay there, rolling from side to side, in his agony of fear.

Half an hour passed and dusk was beginning to settle before Big Steve got back. He smiled grimly as he regarded the poor wretch trussed up there on the floor.

"Came right home to us, eh?" he asked regarding him. "Well, it's the first decent thing you ever did in your life, and it was an accident at that."

Then Steve turned away and the prisoner lay there. Only for a little while did they remain there. They silently ate some supper, then they bound his hands again, and let him lie on the floor all morning long.

Hardly had the sun come up when Big Steve and Gorse with their prisoner set out for Grimes Center. Injun, the dog, they left with some Indians who had a camp farther up the creek. The train was due about 11 and their arrival, and without an explanation to the local authorities they shunted Gaulin aboard without giving him a chance to speak or to call aid. The press in New York was kept in ignorance of the capture, and Gaulin was kept in close confinement without a chance to communicate with anybody unless Gorse gave his consent.

As Gorse sat dozing over his pipe that evening, glad to be home, his mind reverted to Tom Harvey and he wondered if Tom had gone back to work at the offices of Howard, Close & Co.

The next morning he started out almost immediately for them, only to find that Harvey had never resumed his work, and when he inquired for Simmons, the bookkeeper, learned that the old man had gone on his vacation two weeks before and had then asked for an extended leave. He did not believe Gorse's mind to learn that Tom had been away from the city for his health, but had been brought back two or three days earlier.

As it was now after 10 o'clock, Gorse made up his mind to call at the Harvey home and seek an interview with Tom, altho he was almost certain that he would be refused it. So when he rang the bell, and the maid who answered the bell said that Mrs. Harvey was out and that Mr. Tom was too ill to see any one, he was not surprised. But he did not give up.

"I am Tom Harvey's best friend," he said in a loud tone, which he felt sure would be heard upstairs, "and I know he would be glad to see me if he knew I was here." With this he took out his card, and writing a few words on it, handed it back to the maid.

She took it, and, after a whispered "Wait," hurried up the stairs.

A few moments passed and a voice from the hall above called him. "Come up, John," the maid's voice said.

It was Tom's voice. Gorse bounded up the stairs. There at the head of them stood Tom Harvey—or what was left of him. He grasped as Gorse ran toward him and fell forward into his friend's arms.

CHAPTER VII.

COMPLETING THE EVIDENCE.

AFTER he had made Tom comfortable and told the maid to go out for a half hour, Gorse set about inspecting the house. Harvey's bedroom and study were just across the hall. Very cautiously, he made his way to the door, opened it a trifle on his own side, and closed the door softly after him. He approached a desk between the windows, and tried its contents without disturbing them, but achieved no result.

He then turned his attention to the safe which stood in the corner. There

(Continued on Page 25.)

WHITELAW OF THE ARCTIC

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By Alvah Milton Kerr

The eternal struggle between the spirit and the flesh is exemplified in Whitelaw who goes to the Arctic in search of earthly things and finds his soul at last.

FROM the beginning Aram Whitelaw's destiny was, no doubt, subject truth, being his own think of Fate. Whitelaw perhaps only turned the leaves of his sympathetic self to an inevitable end. From childhood he was a queerly dual, fiercely impatient and strangely tender. He had fought more than one bloody duel in boyhood, and yet reap thru victory an abasing sense of sorrow and disgust instead of elation. When he became a doctor, his mastery in mending human anatomies owed its success chiefly to the passion of sympathy that directed it. The touch of love argued this. His shapely yet powerful body, six feet three inches in height, lifted itself so above common men that it inclined forward at the shoulders as from constant seeking, was crowned with a head so expressive of vision and faith that to many persons—that one knew infallibly he must suffer did he not serve those in suffering.

It was this cast of nature which, at the end of two years of "medicine," carried him into the study of theology; he averred that as a physician he had discovered that sin was, for the most part, the cause of ill bodily health, and that he thought, might help to cut away the cause. After that, until he was 32 he lived the joy of "doing and doing good;" then he met the Pretty Person, and that which had been glory and rapture in life gave way to a pain of a different sort. Where his heart before had diffused abroad a glow that reached toward every human being, it now projected its light in a pointed blaze upon a single creature.

He was aware that, in deepest truth, disaster had come upon him—that the inexorable hunger of the physical had overwhelmed the sweet and compassionate in him; but he went with the tide, helpless as an insect and—helpless as a man in love. Nothing could be more unreasonable, the sinful, now seemed to him wholly unlovely and not worth having. But the Pretty Person! How ravishingly lovely she seemed, how immeasurably worth nerving and waiting! The perfume of her hair, the form of her chin, the lashes of her eyes, the roundness of her body, surely these were not with her as with any other woman that ever lived, but far finer. To him the shallowness of her soul, the selfishness of her aims, were only faintly perceived, like something muffled and softened in a rosy fog.

But the final question springing of their relation was difficult of answer. She would not be a simple preacher's wife. Could one so beautiful as she accept a station that verged on actual poverty, for the sake of marriage? His worship of her was, indeed, agreeable incense, but the shrine of its continuance would have so poor a setting. He must win wealth that she might dwell in sitting and pleasurable ease. Such was the temperament she finally set him as her price. The to him this decision at first seemed selfish and hard, it came ere long to seem just and reasonable. She seemed to him a gem worthy only of a golden setting. Rising above all the pain of it was the many had become a smothered impulse in him, he saw his future empty unless he could fulfil the demand demanded by his idol. So, filled with splendid expectations, he at last set forth from her, leaving behind him his love of spiritual dream, and seeking a land of seeming infinitudes of frost, of mountains and dreams where suffering stalked imperious and men wrestled with pain and death for gold.

But almost with the beginning of his severance from her, his numbed spiritual nature began to prickle and stir again, groping once more toward the things that bore him came out the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and took its enchanted way northward. Then, behind him his love of spiritual dream, and seeking a land of seeming infinitudes of frost, of mountains and dreams where suffering stalked imperious and men wrestled with pain and death for gold.

But almost with the beginning of his severance from her, his numbed spiritual nature began to prickle and stir again, groping once more toward the things that bore him came out the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and took its enchanted way northward. Then, behind him his love of which brings a man face to face with God's most tremendous things, a vague shame for his selfishness and indifference of his mission began to creep upon him.

Then one day as they sailed, thronged about with beauty that was terrible in its sublimity, a fellow-passenger told him of William Duncan, the immortal friend of the Tsimsians, the man who so loved the poor tribes of the frostlands that he spent his life lifting them from savagery. When, upon another day, the voyagers came to Metlakahtla, to the Utopian community of Metlakahtla, the seat of Duncan's work of self-sacrifice and love, and here Whitelaw saw a town shining against a dark hill, with a church and school and many civilized industries, and a happy citizenry of native Alaskan Indians who once had been hideously poor and barbarous, which he saw and heard there went with him northward, haunting him.

Finally the ship made Valdez, and scattered its human units toward Tanana, the Yukon, Copper River and Nome. Whitelaw and three companions took the long trail northward for the Black Bottle region, and at the end of June, far up the Blue Muck River, began struggling to wrest from the ground that yellow stuff for which men have been immemorially mad. Life there had a cast unlike—made, for him, of frost, of hunger and burrowing. The long, sinewy fingers of Whitelaw presently became faced with skin that was as horn, the stoop of his shoulders deepened, his pale, sensitive face became burned and dark, his eyes set and keen from concentration. The spell of expectancy was upon him; day by day the lure of the elusive thing that was Pretty Person, then and things deadened the faint travail of his tenderer self. The way of his early life was over and primitive. His food and drink were taken with the gusto and lack of nicety common to animals. The place he called home was a kind of lair fashioned of logs and dirt, half sunken in a hillside.

Along the Blue Muck other men were living much as he was living with the same ferocious fury to reach the wizard stuff that they believed lay below them on the bed rock. And it had been found in the stubborn soil of this upper region, farther down toward the sea it had been washed away in the quiet cities. But the drift of ages that lay along the Blue Muck was deep and gelid; thru that drift they must sink to the base of hard pan and work tunnels to and fro. Only the strong, the tough, or the insane, were fit to grapple with the task.

By September Whitelaw was as a wolfman—gaunt, hairy, unkempt, half savage of face and figure. The voices of the Great Love, that which had been as a dangerous music in him, now were altogether hushed. Even his dream of the Pretty Person seemed a vague, shapeless thing that haunted at his mind; hunger for the gold itself possessed and filled him, shutting out everything else. Day and night he and his two very life in muck and mud, digging, digging, washing pans of the half-frozen dirt to test it for the precious "dust," and again digging, digging. Every night he built a big fire at the bottom of the well he was sinking, for the downward grip of centuries of frost had to be unlocked; then, after a few hours of sleep, again into the muck of the smoke-blackened hole, digging and carrying mud up the ladder.

Then one day he came to bed-rock—a stratum of undisturbed gravel that had never been so far touched by the sun—and washed the stuff, he stood staff in with hated breath at what remained at the bottom of the pan. Unquestionably it was gold dust—that devil-dust ground between the millstones of titanic strata and squeezed to the surface by aeon-old heavings of inculcable volcanic masses. For a little space he stood scraping his fingers thru the yellow particles and blinking them suddenly from his eyes, tickled in his ears, specks floated before his eyes, and he saw the face of the Pretty Person looking up at him from the bottom of the pan. Her eyes were swimming with light and laughter, her round cheeks were dimpled, and her mouth drew toward him, inviting kisses.

Her image remained with him thru days and nights after that, as he burrowed a tunnel along the bed-rock, scraping the precious silt from the crevices and lugging it in bucketfuls up the ladder and washing it in a rocker. Then summer, which had been as a single long day touched with pearly mid-nights, had fled like a dream, and the heart-chilling mystery of the Great Cold began to gather in the mountains. Whitelaw toiled on and on and thru another week, almost without sleep and chewing sparingly at the vanishing food of his camp, and then one morning the high mountain-heads were lost in storm and snow-thickened winds sucked down the valley like rivers of torrents of milk. Gaunt, sunken-eyed, long-haired, unshaven, he looked about him. He darted to his partners with the excitement whispered of peril. He had no furs, kamaiyaka, parka, mukluks, or other things that he would have needed sacking about his booted feet and legs. roped his coarse woolen blankets about his body and head, and with a long reel in a long pouch about his waist, took the trail down the Blue Muck, making eager-ly for Black Bottle, sixty miles away.

The next day, with the deepening of darkness, he came to "camp," to Black Bottle, the hall, the patrescent, the pitiful. A sprawling, crude affair of bits of stone, tents and dugouts, and houses half built and half heaped up dirt, it spread along Blue Muck, resembling a human lair here and there up against the mountainside like a mud-dauber's nest.

To this town, Whitelaw came from out the storm that night. Tall, muffled, powdered with frost, but steeped in his warm dream of going home to the Pretty Person, he stamped his way noisily into the Blue Muck House. Architecturally the place was a wide two-storied building constructed of logs and boards. The big room into which Whitelaw stepped contained a drinking-bar, numerous rough

tables and chairs, two roulette wheels at one side and a faro outfit in a corner. A half hundred men, Indian and white, were in the place and every gambling device had full and loud employment. Fumes of tobacco, spilled liquor and wet furs mingled in a shocking reek. Behind the bar stood the proprietor, a huge, bare-armed, red-faced Swede. He mopped the bar and glanced at the towering apparition before him. Whitelaw pushed the blanket from about his head.

"I'm just in from the North Claims, and am tired and hungry," he said, with a smile. "Could I get a bed and something to eat?"

He threw the long hair back from his gaunt face, and as the light from a big lamp that hung from the ceiling fell over him, he looked as a young John the Baptist might, back from a long fast in the wilderness. The wolf look was gone from his face now, his eyes glowed with triumph and a tender light. Several of the men, playing cards at the tables, turned at sound of his voice and looked at him curiously. The musical quality of his intonation, the intellectual contour of his head and his unusual height, challenged attention. He was obviously by nature and calling foreign to their brutal world, yet as obviously, a strength in it. The red-faced Swede slowly mopped the bar, looking at Whitelaw with bloodshot, heavy-lidded eyes.

"Ay tank you vant furr hair," he said. "Yu got any dogs?"

"No, I walked down just as I am. I want to buy some dogs tomorrow and get down to Valdez as soon as I can. I'm going out," replied Whitelaw, again with a smile.

The landlord grunted and considered a moment. "Yu ban doing putty fair up at the Claims, eh?" he insinuated.

"Well, rather better than 'fair,' I suppose. I really have a very wonderful mine there," confessed Whitelaw, his eyes deepening their glow.

"Hah! Gude! Ay tenk Ay set 'em up!" laughed the Swede, and, taking a tall, black bottle on the bar and a glass beside it. "Dis har is gude stuff. Ay tell it."

Whitelaw laughed and shook his head. "No, I thank you, I want some real food and a real bed. I don't care much for whisky, except sometimes as medicine." More of the card players turned and looked intently at the tall man by the bar, and several loungers, who had started toward the place of bottles, stopped short, their bloated faces mirrors of astonishment and regret.

"Gar! Ay tenk yu ban tenderfoot for sure!" muttered the man behind the bar. "Batter hit it once for luck; it's gude."

Whitelaw shook his head, smiling gravely. "No, thank you." By

Stockholm's Neck Snapped Like a Pipestem

this time the Indian had come to a stand at the bar. He was hardly of medium height, but butt-necked and thick of body, and his gait had a stiff-legged look, as if from adjustment to the motion of ships. He looked up at Whitelaw with a truculent sneer, then took the bottle and filled the glass beside it.

"Another glass, Stockholm," he said. "That will drink with me." His enunciation had the effect of one with a hairlip or very heavy cold. Whitelaw looked down at him at first quizzically, then with undisguised disgust. The man's face was pockmarked and had a wide scar on the left cheek and a nose that manifestly had at some time been crushed flat. The man addressed as "Stockholm" placed the glass by the bottle.

"Mester," he said, "Ay mak yu introduce to Ratline French. He bin gude friend of mine." The Swede's dull eyes took a livelier glint as from growing excitement. The unwonted sight of a man of Whitelaw thrust out a short, thick arm and wide, dirty palm.

"How 'bout yer? You'll have a drink together. Folks ginerally irrigate with me fust, here in Stockholm's place," he said brusquely.

Whitelaw straightened slightly, but his long arms hung motionless. In his light-brown eyes there appeared, not unlike fire kindling in amber. "No, I believe that I remarked that I had care for any whisky," he said quietly. He turned his eyes to the Swede's face. "I inquired whether you or you could furnish me with something to eat and a bed," he added. "I am awaiting your reply."

"Val, Ay don't know—" began the Swede—whereat the offensive Ratline thrust himself stone in front of Whitelaw, leering at him with brutish eyes. "We will hit the grog first, stranger, if you please," he said. "My treat, yu know."

"Not with me," said Whitelaw, looking down upon the repulsive face before him. A faint flush began to gather about his sensitive nostrils. Half the men in the place arose, a few with faces expressing a gratified confusion of fear, but most of them with expressions of pleasurable expectancy. A young Indian with a lithe, wiry body stood forward and stood looking watchfully at the group by the bar.

"So, stranger, you're opposed t' lickerin' with a gentleman, ch?" asked Ratline, doubling his fists menacingly.

"No," smiled Whitelaw, "I might possibly drink with a gentleman, but not with you." The he smiled his nostrils quivered and now were spotted white.

"Say, do you know," he went on, "I have never struck a human being since I was a boy, and I don't think I'll begin on such a thing as you, but I have a mind to throw you out of the place."

With a fawling roar of profanity, Ratline tore his greasy deerskin coat open and thrust his hand toward his hip, but Whitelaw's hands flashed out, his long fingers nailing the other's throat in a stifling clutch, and Ratline's braying roar squeaked out in a gasping wheeze. His hand came out with a revolver in it, but the watchful young Indian leaped in and wrung it from his grasp and backed off, his dark eyes gleaming. The big Swede grasped a bangstaff and bounded the bar, shouting for order, but pounded in vain. The man who for love's sake had toiled for three months as never a training athlete toiled, literally lifted Ratline clear of the floor by the neck and shook him. The next moment he bore the offender backward, crushing him ruthlessly thru the tumbling chairs and tables toward the entrance. Ratline essayed to strike Whitelaw, but the latter's long arms held his so far away that the straggling man only beat the air.

During the few moments that had elapsed, a strange stillness had fallen on the others in the place; then Stockholm burst out from behind the bar, bellowing wildly for help. Four or five men stepped in front of him, holding him back. With the neck moment Ratline was plunged against the wall near the door, his toes scarcely touching the floor. Whitelaw's face was a dull, white mask, his eyes half closed. He looked straight at the countenance before him—with its out-thrust tongue, its bulging eyes its face purple and puffed to bursting. He held Ratline there thru what seemed a hideously long time. The Indian had followed him, and standing at his back, turned with the revolver in his hand and looked defiantly at the others. Stockholm stood pressed back against the bar, panting and open-mouthed. Every other man in the wide room, save the Indian, was on his feet, bending forward and gazing at the three by the door; and every man was silent. At length Whitelaw turned his head and caught a glimpse of the young Indian.

"Open the door," he said.

The Indian flung it wide. Then Whitelaw took a step sidewise, and bracing himself with his feet apart, whipped Ratline around as one might who throws the hammer, and hurled him headlong thru the entrance. Whitelaw turned back with a deep breath and looked at the Indian.

"Is that his pistol?" he asked. The Indian nodded. Whitelaw took it from him and flung it out after Ratline and closed the door, then walked with flashing eyes back toward the bar.

"Will you please unhand this man," he said, pointing his long finger at Stockholm, "while he answers me if he can give me a bed and something to eat?"

At that, the man destiny fave threw himself back in his chair and smote the rough ceiling with a yell of laughter; suddenly a half dozen tough miners, with boisterous guffaws of mirth, were shaking hands with Whitelaw. Stockholm got in behind the bar hurriedly; then he, too, began to laugh nervously and with manifest chagrin.

"Val," he said, "Ay tenk Ay give yu a bed and grub, mester, or yu ban taking this whole d—d skeeting match! Ay tenk ban on me and Ratline. Yentlemen, wet up on me." He pushed a lot of glasses on the bar beside the bottle and called the young Indian: "Taku, show this har yentleman back and tell the cook Ay said get him a square; then yu put the yentleman in twelve," he added.

Whitelaw followed Taku thru a rear door into a several plain dining-rooms. When he was seated at a table in the light of a lamp, he looked at Taku curiously. "Haven't I seen you before, somewhere?" he inquired.

"I come by your mine in summer, up valley," said the Indian.

"Oh," exclaimed Whitelaw. "I remember! You are working here now?"

"Yes, I work now," replied Taku rather reluctantly. "Wife in kitchen, wash heap dishes." He looked apprehensively at the door thru which they had entered. "Ratline find pistol, I'm 'fraid and come back. Very bad man."

"No," said Whitelaw, "when he recovers consciousness out there in the snow he will go somewhere else. Properly whipped dogs bark and threaten at a distance, sometimes, but they also keep at a distance."

"The Shaman is strong, very; but he make safety more if he keep pistol of Ratline," offered Taku respectfully.

"I have a very good one in my clothes," smiled Whitelaw. He looked at Taku a moment. "Shaman? What do you mean by Shaman?" he asked.

"Medicine Man, big Medicine Man. You told Taku at mine you learn medicine in books once. Taku now see, he now know."

Whitelaw sat a moment mystified. "Oh, yes, I see," he laughed. "I must have felt communicative. Did I tell you too, that I had been a minister, a preacher, once?"

"No, I think not so." The Indian hesitated as if Whitelaw's meaning were not quite clear to him. "The Shamein mean he been like Father Duncan of Island Annette?"

"Well, a little like him, but not so great, not nearly so great," said Whitelaw, suddenly darkening with shamed regret.

The look of reverent admiration in Taku's face deepened to awe. "I go bring you the best," he said. "I tell cook only the best." He went out into the kitchen, moving quickly but softly.

Later, when Whitelaw had eaten and had followed Taku to the door above, the young Indian stopped, candle in hand, in the narrow passage and lifted his eyes to the tall man's face. "Taku got little child much sick, up on side of mountain in cabin with Taku's mother," he said. "Think him die, I don't know." He shook his head, his somber eyes full of shadow.

Whitelaw stopped and regarded him with rising interest. "Is that so?" he asked. "Is there no doctor, no 'Shaman,' as you call them, in this place?"

Taku shook his head again. "No. In summer he been killed by Ratline. He loose heap and gamble and Ratline make quarrel and shoot him in back. Black Bottle now have many, many sick papoose, some big folks, too."

A night of dirty shoes. Whitelaw's throat. "I have no medicines, no tools, nothing," he said.

Taku lifted the candle above his head. "Come!" he whispered exultingly. He unlocked the door of "twelve" and they entered. "Look!" he cried. "The dead Shaman's boxes! Inside much bottle, much knife, much things!"

Whitelaw took the candle from him and peered about. There was a bed, a table piled with medical books, two trunks and two handbags such as physicians carry in practice. "Go down and bring me a lamp, if there is one," he said sharply to Taku. "See that it is in the bar, the landlord, and get the keys to these things. Tell him I am a doctor and I'm going to see your sick child. If he don't give you the keys tell him I'll come down and get them."

Taku drew a long breath and the next moment he was going down the dark stair. When he returned he bore an oil lamp and two keys. "Stockholm say use medicines, all, but not come after him," was his comment.

Whitelaw laughed. "You can go, Taku. When I've looked things over I will come down," he said, beginning to apply the keys. In one of the trunks of physician's instruments, in the other filled phials of all sorts, in one of the books, Indian bottles of drugs, in fact everything he needed, he found. He pored over the phials with knit brows, then sat for a while looking at the lamp. "Many, many sick children," he said. "I know so little," he sighed. His dream had changed, the picture of the Pretty Person had faded far away, and in its place a vision of many suffering children. A big wolfskin coat and parka hung against the wall, he took them and put them on, and taking up the handcases, went out quickly. "I'll send to the local doctor for more drugs, what I use of these things," he said absently.

A half hour later he had climbed the mountain to the cabin, a shack built among the drifts and rocks, and was holding the hot wrist of a delirious child, counting the pulse. "Typhoid, I fear, typhoid, I think," was what he said to Taku. The little sufferer lay on the ground among several heaps of furs and furs, the air was inexpressible close and foul, the place dim and stifling with smoke from a fire in the middle. It was no warming fire. An old Indian woman, Taku's mother, who once had worn the white man's garb, but who had thrown it off in disgust, and together she was now with the scar, watched Whitelaw with beady, questioning eyes. Her daughter in the sail in the farther bay was likewise

my words into Indian words. I'll need you," said Whitelaw.

"Taku work for Stockholm," was the reply.

"No, you will work for me. I've got plenty of dust and will pay you well. You are to be my right hand man. There will be no 'ifs' and 'ands.' We will go now."

Thru that night and the brief day that followed and the next night, Whitelaw labored among the suffering of Black Bottle. In the dawn of the second morning, he stopped on a rise above the camp and sat down on a ledge. He was fearfully exhausted. Below him thru two or three miles the dugouts and shackwhit houses straggled up and down the valley in the blue-gray shadow; above him and abroad, the mountains bit into the sky like white tusks; far westward the waters of Thunder Bay wallowed in the gorge, mingling battering eckes of ice. It was horribly desolate and cold. He thought of the Pretty Person, and for a moment he saw her in clear vision coming down a stair in pale mauve and silver for furs, her svelte figure swaying gracefully. He had once been her so, and his eyes now gleamed with longing; then their hungry light faded. The poor, the demonized, the sinful, the suffering lay scattered thru the gloom below him. Above all, the ignorant, the pitably ignorant, were there. The natives were literally dying for want of enlightenment, perishing for want of sanitation, knowledge of cookery and the commonarts of civilized life. The huts and holes of the natives reeked, the hordes of many of the whites were little better. He had found tuberculosis, trachoma and divers distempers among a few whites, but the children—ah, the throat diseases and fevers, the agonized eyes of the helpless little ones! A big doctor was needed, some place akin to a hospital, into which he could gather them from the nauseous, vermin-dotted holes and dens where in clean beds with unpolluted air to breathe. He got to his feet suddenly. He seemed to hear the sick and hollow coughing, groans and strangled aspirations, the cries of the frost-gripped, the hungry, starving. Some of the horrors must wait, there were larger things in the world than an individual's wishes!

He sat down and looked over the pearly light from the southern mountains gleaming upon his frost-specked parka like grains of sugar. Later he stood before Stockholm at the bar of the Blue Buck House. The place reeked stale and unsavory. Some of the natives were empty and here and there a man sprawled in drunken sleep, but all the gambling games were in full progress. Stockholm looked heavy-eyed, weary, forbidding. Whitelaw leaned against the bar and regarded him with a level look.

"Would you sell this place?" he asked quietly.

Stockholm looked at him with a start. He licked his lips and stared at Whitelaw before him. "Skol Ay sell this place?" he growled.

"Yes," said Whitelaw, "I would like to buy it."

Stockholm began mopping the bar. "Val, ah, ah, a good offer, a good exchange, if he get enough for it," he remarked sneeringly.

"Usually, yes," was Whitelaw's comment. "How much dust, weighed into your hands, will you take and walk out, leaving it just as it is?"

Stockholm sank down on a whisky barrel, his red eyes blank with wonder. "How you fix Ay skol take and walk out?" he gasped.

"Exactly, how much?" said Whitelaw.

Stockholm looked at his fat, big purple, hairy hands, then slowly around the place, then at the amber eyes fixed upon him. "Val, Ay don't know," he began. "Ay ban making money har. It ban hard work, tho. How mooch you give?"

Whitelaw unbuttoned his big coat and draw forth a bulging skin belt. "This place have be worth three or four thousand dollars, as things go in this region," he said. "But I will weigh you out seven thousand dollars in gold, and you are then to hand me the keys. I want the building today—now, immediately."

Stockholm blinked at him dully. "Ay don't understand," he began.

Whitelaw cut him short. "You don't need to. Will you take this over here, we will weigh out the gold."

"But Ay don't see—what is the yoke, anyhow? What you ban up to?" stammered the Swede.

"I want the building for sick people. I want it this morning. Not day this or another in thirty minutes. Do you want the seven thousand?" was Whitelaw's impatient answer.

Stockholm got up slowly and the two stood looking into each other's eyes; then a curving of satisfaction came into Stockholm's throat, and he turned and set the gold scales on the bar between them. "Ay ban ready for gold, mister," he said. "Ay skol call ya. Pour it out."

Whitelaw said nothing, but opened the pouch and began emptying gold into the broad pan. The gambling games ceased, some of the men came forward, others sat looking.

"Am Ay to tak the goods and tengs out of har?" asked Stockholm.

"You are to take nothing but your clothes," replied Whitelaw dryly. Stockholm swallowed excitedly, his eyes dwelling on the pouring stream of gold like one fascinated. "Nineteen an ounce, three hundred and sixty-eight and one-half ounces," said Whitelaw. "I figured it before I came in. There you are! Get me a sheet of paper and a pen. I'll write a bill of sale and we will sign it. We will draw up other papers later, if necessary."

Stockholm ran unsteady fingers thru the dull yellow heap of dust and nuggets and looked at the gold a while. "Ay ban sure now, mester, that ya ban crazy, but Ay ban no fool. Ay skol never buck on my play." He put a sheet of paper on the bar and a pen and ink, and Whitelaw wrote out a bill of sale for the building with all its appurtenances and they signed it. Whitelaw then turned a board up lifted his voice and spoke very clearly:

"Gentlemen, I have bought this building and all it contains. At twelve o'clock it will cease to be a hotel and gambling house and become a home for the sick of Black Bottle, particularly for the sick children of the natives. The cigars and tobacco that may be on hand here will be distributed among you with my compliments. The whisky will be destroyed, the wines, if pure enough, will be kept for the sick. At twelve o'clock you may have been occupying I want for people who are dying for want of such comforts. You will be paid in gold in advance it will be refunded to you. I am going to help the sick of this town. Any aid any of you can bring me will be with gratitude. All men are my brothers. I am going to hold meetings from time to time for the natives, with an interpreter, try to teach the natives how to live more healthful lives. Every Sunday I am going to preach here. As there no school, no church—only ignorance and evil influences in this town. I put it to you, gentlemen, that the sick children are not entitled to a fair show, an even break, in competition with these? I am giving you much gold for this place. I can stand the strain I don't know. I am a changeful man, not strong in character, but that is what I am going to have to do. So, men, I expect you to stand by me—at least, not to interfere. That is all. Thank you."

How this was received, were worthy a chapter in a book on psychology. To the latwhite gentleman, Whitelaw, it was the cast of sheer bravery. To them it was well nigh as inspiriting as a great and reckless gamble. Stockholm

there, some of them tied. Near the fire stood a sled, bearing a box and bag of provisions and a bundle of blankets; on the ground lay a sleeping-bag. The snow was trampled and footprints led onward. Whitelaw looked about him and down the trail, puzzled, mystified. What inexplicable caprice had occasioned this abandonment of the sled and provisions? He peered around him again narrowly, not knowing but with the next moment a bullet, leaping out of ambush, might pierce him. Still, unquestionably the footprints he had been following went onward. He went to the sled and thrust his hand in the bag and brought out some hard bread and frozen cheese. Pushing chunks of these into his mouth and hoofing, he loosed his rifle over and turned quickly into the trail. An ominously whisky bottle lay there; he spurned it out of the way and trotted on.

As the stars paled and the gray light broadened, he stopped and scrutinized the footprints closely. The feet of one of the were manifestly somewhat smaller than the feet of the other, and the tracks of the smaller were partly filled with blown snow, as if a parent was being fresh. As he peered at the tracks thru his white breath, a picture of what had taken place shaped itself in his quick fancy: Ratline, fired with liquor and greed, and the fact that he had personally stolen into the Stone and taken the gold, had risen while Stockholm slept and had made off with the precious bag. Whitelaw straightened himself with a growl that was half laugh, half curse, and pressed onward, his eyes searching the dim wastes of snow before him.

An hour later the trail ascended a tumbled ridge, and, following upward and on thru a tortuous pass, he came out above a long valley, white-bottomed as a porcelain cup. Below him three or four miles distant he saw the first of the quarry, a brown bundle of fur pushing its little lurch along the snow, and miles beyond the jerking bundle of fur a crawling dot, pricked dimly in the whiteness. With a cry he started down the trail, running and lunging under the lash of haste that impelled him. As he stumbled on the valley he heard himself swearing and suddenly shouted, "Shut up, you fool!" at something within himself and ran on again.

Ratline, too, seven or eight miles ahead, was hastening wildly, for he knew that dead would avenge the slain's track. But he was weighted with the big pouch of gold, and his stubby legs urge that he make covered ground less rapidly than the two pairs of long legs hastening after him. Stockholm, his giant body a reservoir of bulging [illegible] strength, his long [illegible] naked muscles [illegible] pulse in vance. Would he, if but his rage when he came up with the absconder? His teeth champed together in a froth of oaths and he stamped the caitiff's footprints, as he would stamp the caitiff's body when he had him slain, the poltroon! Thus, tibial engine half, the giant strained onward, unaware and forgetful of that other pursuer, of all dangerous creatures the most dangerous, man whose daily law had been love, carried by rage beyond all law.

Two hours and more went by while the three panted forward thru the white, silent land. The dull blur in the south became a kind of glacier, a vague hollow crept into the blues upon the snow about them, but they heard no sound save that of their laboring lungs and pounding hearts. Near noon Ratline, looking back, saw Stockholm less than a mile to the rearward. Next he saw the wolver, his only weapon, and peered unsteadily around the jutting rocks, awaiting Stockholm. Suddenly he sank to his knees, and, like a squat, red-eyed toad, blinked evilly at the figure heaving larger and larger on the white desert.

Then, as by some withering magic, his brutal countenance was swept blank, his loose, ugly mouth dropped open, the nostrils of his flat nose pinched together, and a look of uncontrollable terror widened his drunken eyes. Thousand yards beyond the big Swede the tall figure of the physician-preacher had come into view. Magnified against the background of dazzling white, Whitelaw's form loomed seemingly to the height of two men. Ratline scrambled to his feet and began shambling like a trapped jackal. He ran a little way along the trail, then struck out into the hills, ran a mountainous cottage bowlders. Apparently his bemuddled faculties furnished him little more than animal instinct, a brute impulse to hide, to climb to some inaccessible hole and bury himself from sight. He would have stayed and fought Stockholm—from ambush, to be sure—for Stockholm was of his kind, but that other, the terrible doctor, the man of God, was not of his kind. He felt absolutely sure that Whitelaw would kill him, and he did not want to die. His leaden feet were suddenly on fire with life, but their life was fear, and the faster he ran the more overwhelming was his terror. Now and again he plunged sidewise, looking back over his shoulder, and, by some abnormal trick of his drunken wits, fancied he saw Whitelaw close behind him, but the face of the pursuer was the awful face of the dead man who had owned the gold!

Within a half mile his flight threw him shrewd of a ledge of stone. Far aloft it looked to have hiding places accessible only to creatures with wings. Ratline ran whimpering along the cliff's base, looking upward, and, from ever increasing terror, close to insanity. A little way to the left he came upon a slide of splintered rock; a fixed cataract of strips and columns sprawling down from the towering ledges. Up this shattered way

Whitelaw Hurled Him Headlong Thru the Entrance.

he clambered like something born with claws, for the fear of a reverted high-holing caveman run mad.

Stockholm, missing Ratline's footprints from the main trail, after a few steps forward turned back and followed the sailorman into the range, puffing, crouching and looking about warily. Five minutes later Whitelaw, with that inexorable, iron look still in his face, stepped in upon their tracks, his rifle ready for instant use. As he threaded his way among the hulking white masses he scanned every object ahead of him with keen intensity. It was a place where an ambush might easily be laid, and he, too, began to crouch and pause from point to point stealthily. Ahead of him loomed the front of the cliff, and presently something stirring high among its ledges touched his vision. He stopped short, gazing at the object sharply. It must be Ratline making for some hiding place beyond the power of larger men to reach! And Ratline had the gold! Whitelaw, with rifle at the full cock, crossed his steps, bending low and half running. At the end of a hundred yards he again stopped and, crawling along a low shelf, had lifted himself and was trying to draw his body upward over a ledge. It was a long shot, but Whitelaw's rifle leaped to his shoulder and his eyes burned thru the sights, centering upon the back of the human figure silhouetted against the cliff. He did not for an instant consider if it were right or wrong to kill the man; he was in the grip of the fierce impulse, old as the law of self-preservation itself, which impels men to destroy robbers and murderers.

But he did not press the trigger. As he aimed, a sharp detonation burst out beyond some rocks ahead of him, and the man on the face of the cliff stiffened upward, loosened his clutching fingers and fell backward, plunging downward from ledge to ledge. Whitelaw dropped his gun, in his throat a cry of horror. As if some taut thing within him had snapped asunder, his lust to kill was gone. Involuntarily he started forward with hands lifted, staring upward.

Half way down the precipice the falling man lodged upon an outjutting ledge, hanging with head and shoulders over the edge of the cliff. From that point the heavy sack of gold, its fastenings broken by the fall, dropped from the dead man's shoulder, burying itself in the snow at the base of the cliff. Whitelaw ran forward, still looking upward at the human thing quivering faintly on the rim of the ledge. Then he saw Stockholm.

The Swede, having no knowledge of Whitelaw's presence, had thrown down his rifle and was running toward the cliff's base, roaring wildly in his triumph. He scrambled up thru the snow-covered rocks, seized the sack of gold, and, sinking down with it in his arms, laughed as a wolf might laugh. Then he stood erect, his face transfigured in ecstasy with the gold pressed against his breast. Whitelaw stood still; presently he moved a shoe to struggle free of monstrous creature and take the gold from him! Almost with the thought his eye caught a movement of the body hanging over the ledge a hundred feet above Stockholm, and the next moment, as from its last quiver of expiring life, the body slid into the air and rushed downward. Whitelaw's lips parted with an involuntary shout of warning, and Stockholm, his braying song stifled in his throat, started to arise. It was when he was half way to his feet that the descending body of the man he had killed struck him. Stockholm's neck snapped like a pistol-shot under the hurtling impact, and together the two rolled among the rocks and were still, the tragedy of selfishness ended.

For a little space Whitelaw stood dumb, his face blank, his faculties suspended. But the waves he had made had been reeking with heat, now he felt chill and numb. He looked up at the vague gray sky and around at the white chaos of things. No sound rose anywhere, not a whisper of life outside his own veins. Was God there? He moved up among the rocks and gazed at the distorted shapes sprawling half buried in the snow. They looked an epitome of sin's sequences, the squalid, final rags of appetite and desire. A deep sense of personal unworthiness, of humility, swept over Whitelaw. He straightened the two limp shapes side by side close to a protecting ledge and heaped their bodies high with the white snow; then he bared his head to the cold and for a little time stood praying; then he picked up the bag of gold, textless, indifferent to it, and moved away. Twice he stopped and looked back, wishing he might do more, then walked onward.

In the evening of the following day he came to Black Bottle. Taku and his people had returned. The Chief's Younger, Half the adults and most of the children of the camp were gathered in the audience chamber of the Long Home. The place was fine with Christmas greenery and the black eyes of the Indian children glistened as they looked at the "tree." But the Shaman, the mystery of the absent Shaman? Taku, the interpreter, made more than one speech, telling them the Shaman had gone on a swift journey, doubtless a big medicine quest, but he would return. The Shaman had told the carrier he would return by the time the tree was lighted, and the Shaman never broke his word. Old men of the tribe arose and spoke, praising the white friend who had made them his people, and a lanky lad, a son of Taku, sang, and told them with tears of the bitter thing he had once been and the joyful thing he had become, and how the white friend had taught him the law of love. Thus an hour went by, and at length silence fell as Taku walked out and still he sat on in silence, looking at the tree and the Shaman's place, that was empty.

Then at last, a low word of welcome in thru the door and every head turned quickly, and there was the master! He came forward as if in a dream. So, says he walks as in a dream. He looked older and more stooped of shoulder than they had ever seen him. He rushed back the wolf-skin parka from about his haggard face, and with an effort stepped upon the platform in place of Taku, by the gleaming tree. Then he steadied himself and looked at them. For a moment the light seemed to fade from him, as he saw the love and joy in the countenances of the grown people, and the eyes of the children glowing like stars, and his drawn features kindled with a smile.

"I have walked very far and am very weary," he said, "but I am glad to see your smile but could not. "Two men carried away a quantity of gold that did not belong to them. The stranger who died here gave it to me for—you. I have brought it back. One of the men who took the gold was my brother, and the slain man, tho dead, killed his slayer. It was very strange. I myself was tempted to take the gold and go back to the States, for my heart hungered after a woman of my tribe. But the crime of another forced me to you. God turns all things finally to good."

[illegible] against the base of the tree, then he smiled radiantly as he looked at them. "It is a Christmas present for you all," he went on. "It is both for the old and for the young, for we will have a real school, a big place where you shall learn to read books and make useful things. And after a time we will have a church, and the reasons for making a Christmas festival of gladness like this will become clearer and clearer to you. Taku will speak the words I have spoken that you all may understand. Taku will give you the gifts. I am very tired. I will take food, then come back to you." He passed out thru the rear door, hearing behind him a rustle of children in joyous anticipation, but not seeing the mists of gratitude that trembled in many eyes.

Later, when the festival had ended, Taku and Whitelaw stood alone in the big room looking at the tree, now stripped of its gifts but still blinking with guttering candles. The pouch of gold lay at the tree's base; on it a letter from Taku. Whitelaw looked at the guttering candles mistily, his fancy far away. Taku broke the letter from the cover of a table and placed it in his hand.

"It is for the Shaman. It came yesterday. It is important. It may be good medicine," said the Indian.

The eyes staring mistily at the dying candles turned to the letter, and were suddenly filled with a strange light. "Thank you, Taku," said Whitelaw, and opening the envelope he glanced quickly at the writing, and as he read his face and his eyes seemed to fade, then he closed them, and his hand sought Taku's shoulder for support. Then, grave, dark face lifted with swift concern.

"She has married another, Taku. She says she never loved me," he said. "Mr. Whitelaw's voice shook and trailed away desolately.

The Indian's eyes filled with shadows; for the moment he did not comprehend, then he grunted in scorn. "The Shaman is dead," he said. "He is dead. He is not for a woman. Many, many love him. He is husband, he is brother, he is sister, he is father to all the people. He is the only children; his joy is great. For four days the sick children have cried for him."

Whitelaw straightened his shoulders and pulled up his tall form, his tired face softening in the light. "My people!" he murmured tenderly. "My people! It is sweeter to love many than to love but one. Taku, tonight—now—I give myself, such as I am, a gift to all men. Put out the candles and bring the lamp. We must see the sick before we sleep."

Third Installment of a Gripping Story of Strange Things

IN THE WERE-WOLF'S CLAWS

(Copyright, 1913, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

NORA NARROWLY ESCAPES THE THING.

CHAPTER VII.

By Edward B. Waterworth

What Has Gone Before in the Story

THE natives of a far-off section of Ontario have been tempted by some creature which murders human beings during the dark of night. What it is, is hard to tell. Superstition claims it to be the Were-wolf, a half human, half wolfish creature. A quartet of newspaper men are assigned to cover the story. When they, Steve Blake, George Thompson, John Emmett and Eric Swanson, reach the out-of-the-way settlement, they find the inhabitants in a state of panic. A newspaper woman, Nora Westemonde, and her chaperone, Mrs. Lawson, accompany the men to Brandt's home where the apparition was first seen. After reaching the lodge, the party of newspaper workers sets out to explore the country. They visit the Chinamen, who have a farm some distance away from them, but are unable to obtain milk, for which they have come. After night falls the party begins to make merry, when there is the thunder of hoofbeats on the road leading to the house, and Morton, the deputy, who had visited them earlier in the day, rides like a demented horse into the yard, where it falls panting. Morton himself is verging on hysteria. He has seen the Thing, and fear has him in its grip.

The earlier chapters of this story can be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger from our agents, newsdealers or thru this office. The story began in Number 24, the Ledger, dated August 24.

a deceitful promise of illumination, instantly dispelled by a sudden darkening of all objects. It was a most uncertain light, and Swanson's attack, and as he thing meaning harm and lurking about the place might well have a chance to spring upon him in one of the periods of obscurity.

But this very fact aroused his fighting blood. If there was a creature about here that in this, a civilized region, something meaning such harm should be prowling in the dark made him attack. And as he slipped the catch on his hammer gun to "cocked" he put a finger of his right hand on each barrel to make sure it was ready to fire from his side if necessary, moved slowly about the grounds. When the moon was directly overhead for a full halt and strained his ears for the sound of anything approaching, inwardly cursing the wind which made listening for caution useless. His lips were drawn back and the eyes, which were so mild and silliest expression in ordinary hours, now glowed from under half shut lids, peering this way and that into the darkness, showing as fierce a readiness to fly at an enemy as any wolf itself could have displayed.

On the side nearest the drive he proceeded with extreme caution, pausing at the corner of the house and peering about the darkness. But as yet nothing was hiding there. Waiting for a period of light, he stepped to the drive to see if there was any sign of the intruder's horse. But save where the flying footprints of the deputy's horse had torn up the gravel, the surface had not been disturbed, altho the finely powdered granite might have shown the prints of any heavy-shod hoof. He crept around behind the house and around thru the piles of heavy, cut fire-logs, and penetrated cautiously for a distance of one hundred feet from the house. Behind this lay a thicket of ornamental bushes. Using the armor as a vantage point, he peered into their depths, and then, in the same cautious manner, searched them. Satisfied that there was nothing there, he proceeded more confidently around the northern edge of the big house, for here an expansive lawn was unbroken save which only a few ornamental maples had been left. A higher burst of wind had scattered some of the leaves, and a rain of mackerel tinge prevailed in the sky and he could see for quite a distance. With great satisfaction he noted that every window on that side of the house was still heavily boarded. If any attack should be made upon them, therefore, from whatever unknown cause, it would hardly come from that direction.

He returned to the front of the cottage, whistling cheerfully to let those inside know of his coming. He noted with some surprise that the saddle and bridle of the horse lying by the porch, but Emmett explained with a laugh.

"It was so dark out there that I had to use flashlights, and then, after all," said, "and I wanted that panting beast away. I've been out West, and even the semi-broken ponies will usually stray far away if they are still saddled and bridled. In fact, many of them are taught to stand still if they drop the reins over its head. The same with domestic horses. If they're saddled they generally wander off a little way, but if they are unhitched they think work is over and drift away. So I jerked the togs off him and he seems to be all there appeared. It's a good thing you didn't run across him unexpectedly. You might have given him both barrels."

"Yes," said Swanson simply, the sinister gleam coming into his eyes for a moment. "Anything I had run across out there would have got both loads before any questions were asked."

Then, seeing the still frightened look in Nora's eyes as she endeavored to console the deputy, who still remained abject, but had lost his appearance of utter fright, he laughed.

"We're all letting this thing affect us too much," he said. "Morton has had a bad fright—and I don't blame him," he added sympathetically, "out here in the wilds on a night like this. We all feel the same way in a less degree, Morton, for we haven't been so scared. Still, just so the ladies will be nervous when they turn in, I'll sit down here and keep watch."

"Oh, I couldn't dream of going to bed," cried Nora, and Mrs. Lawson also protested.

"Now, now," said Swanson soothingly, "there's no use losing a night's rest. It would only make you both nervous. There's no possible danger, and there's nothing can climb up. You're perfectly safe there. I'll just stretch myself out on this lounge, and if anything creeps up to Thompson, and the latter laughed.

"Sure," he said, "just go up and turn in. Miss Westemonde, Mrs. Lawson and I are going to do a little while afterward. We'll sit here for a time just to see that no unobservant bug in the night like that for you by throwing gravel against your window."

"In case it is some boys prowling around," he added, "it would simply attract them to see a light in your window. So just go to bed by the light of the moon. Think how romantic it will be."

When the sound of the barking dog above had come to their ears they turned to each other with perplexity in their faces.

"There are no kids in a deal like this," said Thompson, "but we've got them upstairs all right. What do you think of it, Swanson?"

"There's something in it, whatever it is," responded Swanson. "Anything that takes the very last drop of courage from a man like that chap in there is something dangerous to cope with, and what these Indians up here are capable of. Civilized as they are, maybe they've got enough of the savage left in them to revive some of their supposed witchcraft for some bad purpose. We'll all sit up, of course."

He slipped into the kitchen and returned with a lantern Mrs. Lawson used in the cellar.

"We'll turn this down as low as possible, and keep it behind the screen," he said, "and then we'll put out the lamp. The fire's nearly out, if anything starts that lantern won't turn over as easy as a lamp. Maybe the deputy would like to lie down in that shuttered room. He'd be safer, and there's a bed there."

But it was evident that Morton had no intention of leaving the company, and he sat beside them for hour after hour in the room from which even the faint glow of the dying fire was extinguished and the moonlight slowly faded, as the clouds grew dense and the patter of rain commenced. Even over the sound of it beating against the windows and the roof of the porch they could hear him start violently whenever there was an extra strong gust. Thompson seated in an armchair, with his legs placed in the window, and Swanson on his knees, never took his eyes from the faint patch of gloom which showed where the big window was, and Swanson, lying on the couch with the shotgun by his side, did the same. Emmett, seated behind the screen, where he could puff steadily at his cigarettes and their light could not be seen from without, smoked without intermission. And so the night slowly wore on, the storm died down and the gloom in the window commenced to lighten a trifle.

By four o'clock the rain had ceased, and from the faint beam of dawn which showed a half hour later it seemed that the day would be a fair one. And this turned out to be true, as a little time after a beam of sunlight shot across the lake, and Thompson gave a sigh of relief.

"I can understand now why the ancients had sun worship," he said. "Let's get cleaned up, so the girl upstairs won't know we've been sitting up." But there was no deceiving Nora. She smiled as she came down the stairs, looking rather wan.

"I saw thru your idea," she said, "and I'm grateful to you all. I didn't sleep myself. I just lay there and listened to hear if anything stirred below."

Mrs. Lawson, however, was virtuously indignant and not unwilling to show it.

"The idea!" she exclaimed, "and us in a civilized country, too! It's something those Indians are up to, I'll bet! It's some dirty trick of somebody's. There, don't let it worry you, dearie," she said, patting Nora on the shoulder as she started for the kitchen.

Swanson looked at Emmett and smiled. "The maternal instinct," he said. "If Mrs. Lawson was the only woman here she would probably be thoroly frightened, but when she has something to protect she is ready to battle to the end. I think she'll make a valuable member of our party in an emergency."

Altho the breakfast was earlier than usual and nobody had much appetite, all made a pretense of eating the food. And it was with a sigh of relief that Morton, seated facing the window and eating shamefacedly as if brooding over his actions of the night before, called out: "Why, there's the sheriff."

And coming at a slow trot down the shaded drive could be seen the sturdy form of a man Nora had met the day before. The very expression of cheerful reliance on his kindly bearded face, and the hearty tone in which he greeted them, made Nora's eyes light up and the men grasp his hand warmly. He readily accepted an invitation to eat breakfast, and did it justice, praising Mrs. Lawson's coffee profusely. But he kept glancing curiously at Morton.

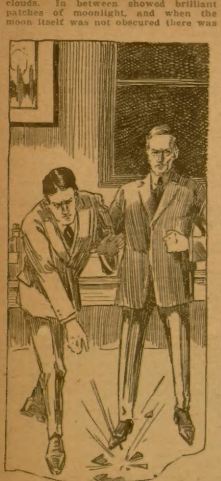
"How do you happen to be here, Fred?" he asked.

The deputy colored painfully. Evidently he was in pitiable embarrassment over the episode of the night. Swanson interrupted.

"Well, well, some other time with us. We'll tell you about that. Let's have breakfast first."

With the cheer of the food within him, of companionship and of the sunlight which had grown brighter as the day went on, giving promise of a glorious touch of Indian summer, which the rain would only freshen, Morton had grown more and more confident, but obviously was more ashamed of himself. And it was with a mumbling voice and in an apologetic way that he clumsily related a tale to which there was none of the dramatic effect he had put the night before.

"Maybe I was mistaken," he concluded.



He Threw the Plate on the Floor and Ground It to Pieces.

Not Many Women Had Looked Like That.

Creeping Stealthily Around the Arbor Behind Her, Was a Figure So Sinister That Both Men Shook as They Gazed on It.

ed awkwardly. "I might have had one of them hal—hal—whatever you call 'em. But I was sure scared, sheriff." And he lowered his eyes and fidgeted nervously with the lapels of his coat, a perfect picture of humiliation.

But the sheriff did not laugh, nor did the others. They, rather, tugged slowly at his beard and looked thoughtfully across the lake. "I was goin' to recall the deputies tonight, but I won't do it now," he said. "You saw somethin' all right. That settles it. We'll stick

The sheriff paused for a few moments still gazing out over the waters with unseeing eyes. "I know you're newspaper men," he said, "maybe I can't ask it of you—it means a lot to you, I guess. But it may mean a lot more if nothing was said about this for the time, boys. There have been deaths already, you know. It's my duty to get what's doin' that. If the trail given out it may spoil it, and," he continued in an almost shamefaced way, "if now you'd be said about Fred here runnin'—I know it ain't natural for him——" and he paused and glanced from one to the other.

"Oh, not a word about Fred, son," said Swanson heartily, and the others nodded immediate acquiescence. "Any one of us would have been just as likely to do the same thing," he went on, while the deputy's face lit up with a fervor of gratitude, "for no man knew's what he'll do under strange conditions. And if I were you I'd put him on the firing line, Mr. Sheriff, where he can get a chance at this thing. I'm sure he'll be the first to start the fray."

"You're dead right, I will, said Morton with emphasis, and there could be no doubt that he meant it

"But about the news end, would you just wait one minute?"

He turned and held a whispered conference with Thompson.

"If we put this stuff on the wire there may be a leak," he said, "and if we send in some story without foundation it will simply queer the paper, as if we were trying to pull off a hoax on the public. Moreover, the first indication there's anything in it will be even a swarm of reporters from every town bigger'n a whistling post as well, and the woods will be so overrun that there'll be no doing anything."

"I tell you," suggested Thompson, in the same low tone, "let's wire a carefully guarded story apiece to the papers. Tip the city editor off that something's coming by mail and send a special delivery letter at once, giving the true facts, and telling him why we're holding it. The man that goes down today had better get an auto and come back at once. For we'll have a long run to make, maybe."

Swanson nodded and turned to the sheriff

"All right," he said, "we won't say a word, only—" and he added the customary newspaper proviso—"will you promise not to let any one know the facts until we have them in print, in case news shows up?"

And the sheriff, unaware of the storm of wrath that might descend upon his head from various papers thruout his district, readily agreed.

"I'll send another deputy over if you'd like to have one with you," he said as he rode off with Morton. "I guess Fred had better get another chance at this thing."

In the broad daylight the event of the night seemed less and less terrifying, and they sat about the porch, basking in the sunlight but showing the effects of their sleepless night in their countenances. The noisy arrival of Brady, long before they expected him, was like a further breath of fresh air.

"Got up early," he said; "first time in my life. Couldn't sleep. Kept thinking about [illegible]

He shook his head gravely when told, and nodded in emphatic approval over the plan mapped out by the others, especially about the automobile.

"This thing breaks loose at night," he said. "You'd better get that auto as soon as you get there, Swanson. Even if the roads are sandy, you ought to cover the route in a little more than six hours. I know you drive a car. If I could I'd ride back myself. You see, we don't want a city outfit. He's not to get scared, too, and bolt with the car, killing the story before we could get to Iroquois with it. Be sure and get one with big lamps, Eric. Some one will have to be a relp thru those dark woods, maybe How's Nora?"

"Nora's a plucky girl," said Emmett, suddenly rousing himself. "Not a bit of fuss or trouble. She's as game as they make 'em

"You bet," agreed Brady. "But don't you think we'd better get her out of here? She's too frail for this sort of thing."

There was something almost shamefaced about Brady's expression, and the other men smiled. Brady's interest in Nora had daily been growing plainer.

"You couldn't get her away now," said Emmett. "However, we'll try it after Swanson gets the auto here. Going down this afternoon, Eric?"

"Yes, I'll postpone my visit to the chink and go," said Swanson, breaking the pause "I don't feel like sleep now, anyway."

When he had gone, Brady turned cheerfully to the others

"Lie down on the lounge and go to sleep, Thompson," he said. "I'll keep watch Turn on in and get some sleep, Emmett Nothing can be done in this bright sunlight. I'll keep some of the arsenal by me and sit here and read.'

"But what are we going to do on the [illegible] asked Nora, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

Nothing answered Brady quickly. "You're all too tired to work now What you need is rest. Anyhow, as I say, nothing happens until night. If Swanson makes a swift trip down he may get back some time about eight or so tonight."

"It's hard to a deal for an auto that quick," said Emmett. "He may have to go clear around the bay to St. Louise for it. Still, I guess we'd better lie down."

An afternoon of complete rest in the sleep of exhaustion and a late supper restored them all, so it was a fairly cheerful party that gathered about the table for supper as it grew dark. Still, noticing Nora's start at any sudden noise, Brady kept up a flow of cheering conversation

"We won't try anything tonight," he said, "It would be simply folly to go prowling alone about the country in the dark. A deputy might blaze away at us, thinking we were fair game. I guess we'll sit here and have a quiet evening."

To the great relief of the men, who wished to quell Nora's obvious anxiety, the deputy promised by the sheriff arrived, clattering up to the door just be-

[illegible] him reported [illegible] gave ground to his heartily expressed contempt for the whole business, as he expressed it. He was evidently enjoying himself hugely, however, and was delighted with the opportunity to meet the party. He was a genial, cleanshaved young fellow, with bronzed face and broad shoulders, and Thomp

[illegible] nothing of the details of the night before

"Oh, the sheriff just said that more reports had come in about this thing," he said, "and he sent me here to stay with you folks."

He ate enormous quantities of the viands set before him, made friends immediately with Brady, with whom he exchanged lively repartee, and his hearty laugh seemed to fill the whole house. Nora cheered up in the presence of this arm of the law, and the men in the party immediately warmed up to him

"We'll let him go to bed first, so he won't see us standing guard," said Thompson in a cautious whisper to the others. "There's no use dinging him off with Bennett was the name of the new arrival. He was unaffectedly delighted with the cottage, stood with his back before the fire puffing approvingly at one of Brady's cigars, was wildly enthusiastic over Nora's singing and clearly did not notice the little quaver in her voice at times. And when the conversation flagged he spent his time making loud efforts of gaiety with all the mission the sheriff was covering.

"Them Indians is just scared," he said "But he was especially curious about Emmett's camera.

"Can you really take pictures with them things in the dark?" he demanded "I've had it done in daylight," he added proudly.

"Surely," said Emmett, and explained the workings of the flashlight, even inserting a match in his patent holder and shooting off a small quantity of the powder

Bennett was wildly [illegible]

"Let's have a picture took!" he cried

"We'll take one later," said Emmett evasively

"But you folks said somethin' about working tomorrow night," cried Ham plaintively

There was no resisting the appeal of the man, who had proved such a cheering influence in the evening. He had apparently seen nothing unusual in the weapons lying about, accustomed as he was to the sight of the hunting arms of his own family in their living rooms. He had examined them all critically and commented on the automatics.

"I'd like to shoot one, but it might [illegible] gang of deputies charging down here," he said

[illegible] when he was obviously disap[illegible]rett yielded

[illegible] unknowingly was right [illegible] the Indians," he whis[illegible]ship your gun in your [illegible] and come on."

[illegible]hted suggestion of Be[illegible] considered himself privileged [illegible]ctual fraction of nerve. It would be, on account of his authorship the move. Nora consented to go out-

[illegible]

A brisk breeze was blowing, the moon [illegible]ining, but the lawn was still

[illegible] bait [illegible] oil [illegible] lights

[illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] burning the match which [illegible] only her face. With its anxious [illegible] and the bared arms [illegible] mouth, into evidence [illegible] had said, a pretty [illegible] t dress was whipping [illegible]d her hair was flying [illegible]mmett emerged from under his [illegible] with with a grunt of [illegible]tion, put a match in [illegible] and poured out the po[illegible]

"Steady there! You're losing half of it in this wind," cried Brady

"Take off your coat and hold it up [illegible]ound," said Emmett. "No Nora, [illegible]

Almost before the bang of the flashlight had died away Nora was fairly sobbing in their [illegible]

"There's something in there" she cried

"To the house, Nora!" cried Brady without stopping to ask questions, and at the same instant drew his weapon from hi[illegible] hip pocket and firing straight into the arbor as he leaped toward it, with the double purpose of intimidating some enemy and of summoning Thompson. In a few bounds he was at the door, while the deputy, altho taken by surprise at [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

a polecat. And just as you fired the flashlight I heard directly behind me a distinct snarl."

"If there's a wolf skulking around you'd better look out for your horses, gentlemen. Maybe there is a wolf pack around here. Hadn't one of us better sit up?"

Brady was about to remark that signs of a wolf pack would certainly take on some form that was recognizable, but as he glanced at Nora and saw the palpable relief in her face at this explanation of the matter, he refrained. Moreover, he reflected, it would probably explain to the deputy the need of keeping guard.

So he said nothing and, at the deputy's suggestion, the men trooped out to the kitchen in quest of something to eat, leaving Brady and Nora alone.

"Nora," he said, "you and Mrs Lawson had better go to bed. We'll see that nothing happens."

"No just yet, Steve," pleaded the girl, a pitiful little smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. "Let me sit here by the fire a little. I'm not overtaken."

Down in Montreal they called Steve Brady "Hearts-Afire," and he had earned his name. But tonight he looked down at Nora Westcmonde, so white and tired, so little in the big chair, there was an expression on his face that was new.

"Another cushion now?" he said, tucking a footstool beneath her slippers. "Let me put this one behind your back."

Gently he took hold of Nora's shoulders, bending her forward. At the first touch something leaped up in him, something that was sweeter and stronger than any emotion he had ever known; a passionate desire to gather her up and take her away and keep her safe forever, to shield her from all danger and sorrow, to make her his own. And the fact that for him Nora was the one woman of a thousand. With a sudden masterful gesture, he drew the little head against his breast and held her close for one deep moment. Then she sat swiftly erect.

"Don't, Steve," she said wistfully. "You know you don't mean it——"

For answer he dropped his knees beside her chair, leaning on the broad arm, and turned her face toward him. For an instant she looked inexplicably thrilled by his steady gaze, and lowered her eyelids in confusion.

"Do I mean it, Nora?" he asked softly. "Ah, girl, you know I do—you know I——

"Yes I know it, Hearts-Afire?" she nodded in a sudden flash of gaiety. "I know that you make love well—too well not to have had practice. Now let me go."

She tried to rise, but he gently pressed her back.

"Not so fast. So now what you think, girl, you will not know you'd heard the stories. What I've done, I've done, and I'll stand to it. But they'll never call me Hearts-Afire again, I promise you that. No, whether you say yes or no to the question I'm asking you. That was ended when I first saw your face. Listen to me, Nora. You've got to listen. Do you remember the Scott assignment, the day we were both sent out to interview his widow? It was wet and cold and you'd no rubbers on. I've never forgotten how you looked, with your cheeks pink and your eyes shining and your hair curling in the rain. I said to myself then: 'There's a man had a girl like you he'd never need to go looking elsewhere, and—well, I don't know why I should have done it, but there's been no room in my heart for any one to call me Hearts-Afire since.'

She had been staring into the fire, but as he stopped, she turned, searching his face.

"True talk, Steve?" she asked, very soberly.

"True," he said. "Do you believe?"

"Yes," she answered. "At least, I know you don't lie. I'm very glad—you don't know how that name hurt me."

"Hurt you? You mean—— Then you do care, Nora?"

She did not answer, but turned again to the red embers. Brady hesitated a moment, and then, with a sudden flash of a new heaven and a new earth was made. The Were-wolf was forgotten, lost in the joy of that first kiss.

A door opened somewhere in the rear, and the voices of the others sounded more plainly. Nora rose quickly.

"I can't think now—dear," she said, as he put out a restraining hand. "I'll run upstairs before they come. Are you sure you'll be able to manage what happens? It was bad enough to have you in danger before, but now——"

At the thought of it Brady took her in his arms again, not answering her, except with another kiss. He held her away at last, smiling, and, switching to memory every line of her delicate little face with that look of anxiety for him in it, he marveled that he had looked like that for Steve Brady.

"Think God you are safe," he muttered. "The little girl I've touched you. I'd have killed it with my bare hand."

"You will be careful, won't you?"

"Yes, little girl—for your sake, a reason. But—I've got to follow the

[illegible]

[illegible] that's woven into every [illegible] in the British navy. It means what Nelson said of Hardy. [illegible] got to get this story for the paper [illegible] for you."

Shyly, gravely, she bent down from the stair where she stood above him, and heard him kiss her glove, for she knew the code of the paper. And as she vanished up the stairway the others came into the living-room.

Obviously Bennett was not disturbed by the incident of the arbor. He had manufactured sandwiches in the kitchen with sardines and ham, and returned after his repast with a healthy smile on his face, helping himself to another as his arrival

The two others were [illegible] was upon it, Emmett assented, more to have something to do than for any other reason.

[illegible] is no use even in making [illegible] of turning in at this hour [illegible] "sleep he surely will [illegible] soundly enough."

Bennett examined with much interest the shuttered room in which Emmett had arranged his darkroom, questioned the meaning of the black curtains over the door, and finally watched with great interest the tray in which Emmett was slowly washing the developing fluid from off to end, exclaimed with delight as outline after outline of the picture grew and he could see that it was unmistakably Emmett's camera. Then the picture in the fixing pan; he suddenly started and glanced keenly at it thru the liquid. Before Emmett knew it he snatched it from the pan and held it before the light, turning his shoulder against the deputy who was watching with shaking hands, he had ripped the paper to [illegible]

[illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Good [illegible] said Emmett [illegible] which took a little [illegible] "Ha, that's one [illegible] of yours, Jim. Would you mind stepping outside with it for a moment? I'm afraid even that faint spark affected it."

"Sure," said the deputy heartily, and in another moment Emmett could hear [illegible] talking with Brady, who had strolled to the porch

"Thompson," called the photographer in a low tone, "Thompson!"

Thompson entered the room and closed the door

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "You're as white as a sheet."

"I've reason to be," said Emmett quietly. And his hands [illegible] prepared to make another impression. "I've something to show you."

[illegible] wrestled nervous fingers that Thompson took the dripping sheet which his photographer finally handed to him. It was a beautiful print from [illegible] the photographic standpoint, showing the white outlines of the arbor and the dark tufts of the [illegible] in the still breeze, one hand upraised to keep the hair from flying into her eyes.

But Thompson looked at it for some [illegible] There was an expression of wondering fear and vague alarm that showed as clearly as the [illegible] brush of an artist—and, creeping stealthily around the corner of the arbor behind her was a figure so sinister that both men shook [illegible] at it. The [illegible] was that of a Thing—it could hardly [illegible] and to resemble anything human, [illegible] It walked erect on two legs, or rather was bent forward almost into the [illegible] of a bow. Swathed in a [illegible] cloak and a hat like that of a priest pulled so low over the face the features could not be distinguished. It was yet of a skeleton-like [illegible] it could hardly be human—as [illegible] be seen with the windings of a shroud. The footwere [illegible] at the outlines of a bony leg [illegible] and it was curved up forward [illegible] suggestion toward the girl [illegible] an [illegible] of a [illegible] made to walk [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Without a Moment's Hesitation, Hardy Aimed and Fired.

[illegible] Vandervyn [illegible] were talk [illegible] a better

"Not [illegible] presence did not prevent his being shot, out there at the butte. Anyway, I am going along as field hospital corps." She turned to Hardy with a sudden change to seriousness. "As acting agent, Captain, it is your duty to pacify the tribe. You know there would be less chance of trouble should I go along."

"Very well," acquiesced Hardy. "I rely on your father's judgment. If there is the slightest chance of danger to you, he should know it. Mr. Vandervyn, you may remain in charge of the Agency, if you prefer."

"No, thanks," snapped Vandervyn. "If you intend to let Marie run the risk of getting into a massacre, I most certainly shall go along."

"There ain't no chance of that, Mr Van, long as you and Charlie found the camps like what you said," reassured Dupont.

"Just the same, Reggie, the declaration does you proud," said Marie.

Tho her tone was bantering, the glance that she bestowed on Vandervyn deepened his frown and deprived Hardy of his smile.

But when, shortly after sunrise, the party started off up the valley, Hardy began talking about tribal customs with Dupont and became so engrossed in the discussion tht he failed to give his usual courteous attention to Marie. Vandervyn was quick to make the most of the girl's pique. The half-dozen Indian police of the escort were strung out in front with the pack horses. He suggested that it would be well to avoid [illegible] getting in the lead.

When Hardy saw the couple [illegible] ahead, he would have ordered them back had not Dupont again assured him that the girl would not be in the slightest danger at any time during the trip.

"You were not so certain of the [illegible] the other day," remarked Hardy.

Dupont scratched his head. "Well, no, I wasn't, Cap; that's no lie. That there, [illegible] what Mr. Van says about the feeling in [illegible] I know me and Marie [illegible] sight more welcomer than them. Wisht I felt as sure about you. The way the [illegible] feel kind of uneasy. Spite of what Mr. Van [illegible] if they [illegible] s turned loose on you their own [illegible], while as for the young bucks—well, you don't know how the old squaws keep nagging 'em to go on the warpath like their daddies done."

"Never mind about me. If your daughter is safe, that is quite sufficient. You say this mine is centrally located [illegible] relation to the various camps. We [illegible] go to it first, and endeavor to get the tribe to meet us there in council."

"At the mine?" mumbled Dupont. "Well, you're the boss."

Late afternoon found the party far in among the mountains, with snowy peaks on every side. Yet they were still a long ten miles by trail from their destination. Upon learning from Dupont that there was no desirable camp-site nearer than the mine, Hardy asked his companion to ride forward and urge all to a faster pace.

Soon afterwards Vandervyn dropped back to ride with Hardy. Owing to the narrowness of the trail, he had to keep in front; but he slued about sideways in his saddle and began a friendly conversation that continued without a break while the hurrying ponies jogged along thru the pines and aspens, around rocks and bowlders and out across bushy hillsides. His pony suddenly came to a full stop.

He paused a moment, waiting to see if she would go on voluntarily. She stood motionless. He patted her neck, and dropped down out of the saddle. The suddenness of the movement alone saved him from the bullet that pinged down the mountainside and passed above the saddle precisely where, [illegible] instant [illegible] had been his mid-[illegible]

[illegible] report of the rifle had yet to reach Hardy's ear when he peered over the mare's withers in search of the smoke of the shot. He could see no trace of vapor, and the peculiar crack of the report that reverberated down the mountainside as his glance swept over the crevices of the rocks confirmed his surmise that the charge fired had been smokeless powder. But tho he saw no smoke, he did not look in vain. Above a bowlder, high up in a cleft, he perceived a devilish painted face, surmounted by a war bonnet.

Without exposing himself, he reached over to jerk his rifle from its sheath. As it whipped clear, he glanced sideways up the ridge slope at Vandervyn. The young man had halted his pony on the ridge crest and was staring back at Hardy. From where his pony stood the castle rock shut off all possible view of the assassin.

Hardy waved him imperatively to go on.

"Forward!" he shouted. "Guard Miss Dupont. May be more of them. Send [illegible]"

[illegible] to the assassin. In a flash he flung up his rifle [illegible] devilish face. It [illegible] he pressed the trigger.

Swift as a puma, he sprang around the mare's head and dashed up the slope, keeping a large bowlder in line between himself and his enemy. A bullet came pinging down over the bowlder and [illegible] under his [illegible] arm. A few seconds more and, safe behind the huge [illegible] the top. The ancient ruse drew a shot that drilled a hole thru the crown of the hat and told him that the assassin had not shifted his position.

Hardy glanced about and [illegible] up his hat. Again it drew a shot. Instantly he scrambled obliquely upward toward another bowlder. It was a desperate move. A bullet [illegible] he flung [illegible] beside the second bowlder. Despite his exertions, his face was now white. But it was not because of fear. His eyes were cold and hard and very bright.

The bushes afforded him a screen. He thrust forward his rifle, and peered up the slope thru the interstices of the scrubby foliage. The war bonnet of the assassin was plainly visible above the bowlder in the cleft. Hardy fired. The feathered crest whipped back out of sight. No return shot came pinging down the slope. A less experienced man would have jumped to the conclusion that the bullet had pierced the murderous brain below the band of the headdress. Hardy waited.

The twilight was fast fading. Still Hardy waited, his gaze scanning the [illegible] either side [illegible] ing around on the flank of the assassin. A little more and the dusk would render close shooting difficult. Yet the precious moments slipped by, and no sign of the police.

[illegible] the far side of the cleft there was a faint glint of metal in the deepening shadow. Without a moment's hesitation Hardy aimed and fired. The [illegible] with a shrill yell. The bullet had found its mark. [illegible] and dashed up the [illegible] where it was available, but in places boldly rushing up over open spaces.

No shots were fired at him; no yells [illegible] was natural to suppose that the assassin [illegible] the fate he had intended to deal out. As Hardy approached the bowlder behind which he had first seen his enemy he became more and more reckless. He scrambled across to the far side of the cleft.

There, on the spot where he had seen the glint, he found trace of blood. The wounded man had crept away up the cleft. For several yards Hardy followed the trail by the splashes of crimson on the leaves and rocks. Then the traces ceased. The assassin had managed to bandage his wound.

The shadows in the cleft were fast deepening. Hardy started up the cleft as fast as he could climb. It twisted about among the huge shattered rocks of the mountain top. Within a few yards it forked. He took the more promising lead and scrambled on upward.

Soon the cleft reached its head and dipped down into a gap. Hardy paused as if to turn back. But over in one of the many clefts on the far side of the gap he thought he saw something move among the bowlders. He sprinted down the slope and across the gap, his face now flushed with exertion, but his eyes still cold and hard.

CHAPTER XIV.
LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

Among the heaps of broken rocks in the bottom of the gap Hardy lost sight of the cleft for which he was heading. There was nothing to distinguish it from the half-dozen other clefts on the far side of the gap. As he emerged from among the rocks, he was unable to pick out his goal. Yet he was too grimly set on his purpose to turn back.

He rushed up into the nearest cleft, and found nothing except bushes and bowlders. He tried the next, and thought he saw faint prints of moccasins in a streak of wind-blown dust. He darted up the cleft, and came into a maze of caves and half-covered passages so dark and intricate that he was lost before he realized the fact.

When he started to return along what he supposed to be the passage by which he had entered, he soon found himself in a cul-de-sac. Dusk was now deepening into night. He came out of the cul-de-sac and chose another passage at random. It led him thru a cave that was now as dark as midnight, and out into a steep ascent between overhanging ledges. This certainly was not the way by which he had entered, but he kept to it, eager to escape out of the maze.

Night had fallen when at last he reached the top of the cleft and clambered up on a ridge crest. But the sky was clear, and the starlight enabled him to see the outlines of the mountains that cut the skyline. Even the highest of them looked different from any that he had seen during the day. [illegible] tell whether this was owing to the dark [illegible] did not alarm him. The frown that he [illegible] his failure to run down the murderous lier-in-wait, and perhaps also by the strange failure of the rest of the party to come to his support in the attack.

A star lower down than any of the others caught his eye. He peered at it [illegible] line of a pine-black mountain, backed [illegible] The little twinkling point of light was not a star—it was a fire, two or three miles away across the intervening valley.

It might be the campfire of the party, ahead on the trail; or what was more probable, it might be a fire at one of the Indian camps. Hardy gazed at it a few moments, then took his bearings by the stars, [illegible] down the mountain-[illegible] directly toward the fire.

At [illegible] came up over the edge of the [illegible]

The Silent Indian Guide Pointed to a Terrace.

[illegible] terrace, on which the [illegible] moment his eyes cleared the low underbrush below the few scattered pines he perceived the flicker of the fire for which he was looking. He could not make out the appearance of the dark forms around the fire, but their number and the half-dozen white tepees grouped around the fire told him that he had not found the camp of his party.

He had no more than made this discovery when a number of yelping, snarling mongrel dogs rushed out at him like a pack of wolves. He met their attack by swinging his rifle barrel around in a [illegible] him, but were afraid to leap in within reach of the club. He had not stopped his advance. Nor did he pause or hesitate when over the heads of the leaping, [illegible] and children scurry to the tepees and the bucks spring up with their bows and guns.

[illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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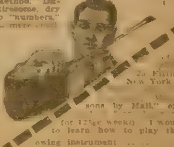

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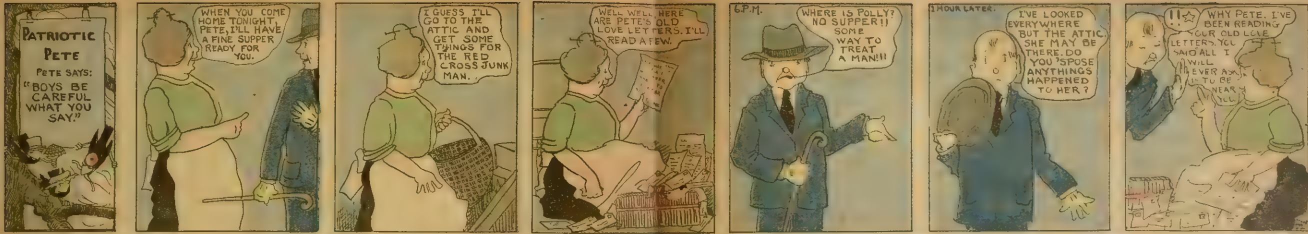


A Woman's Way.

At an art exhibit attended by the members of the smart set, young Peterson, an embryo artist, was lounging about the room, listening to the various criticisms.

Standing in front of one of his own pictures were several young women. One young woman who was gazing at the picture ardently, suddenly exclaimed "Oh, if I only knew the artist who did this!"

"Pardon me," said Peterson, stepping forward, with great delight at the evident prospect of being taken up by the social set. "I am the artist."

"... she cried, with a particularly winning smile; "then, in that case, won't you please tell me the name of the dressmaker who made that perfectly stunning frock your model wore?"

A Night in the Army.

A trainload of newly drafted men ... cantonment late in the aft... they had ... were awakened at ... o'clock the following morning to assist ... one well built, sleepy, drafted man got to his feet he stretched and yawned.

"It doesn't take long to spend a night in the Army."

Love.

The following unique epistle was picked up lately in the street.

"Dear Bill: The reason I didn't laff when you laft at me in the postoffice yesterday was becos I hev a bile on my face and I can't laff. If I laff it hurts. But I love you, Bill, bile or no bile, laff or no laff."

Making Up for Lost Time.

The other day a young Irish recruit neglected to salute his officer, who at once asked the reason.

"Oh, I forgot sir!" said Paddy.

"Well, don't forget it the next time," said the officer, as he walked on.

Next day as Paddy was hurrying along with two buckets of water he again encountered his officer, and cooly laying down his burden he raised both hands in salute.

"What's this for?" asked the officer in surprise.

"Sure one of 'em is for yesterday, sir," was the cool reply.

Judging From the Work.

A laborer at a munition factory was told by the foreman to move an anvil. On the latter returning some time after he found the man had made little progress with the heavy article.

Addressing the foreman, the laborer said: "Have you got my name down right?"

"It's Thomson, isn't it?" said the foreman.

"... thought you'd entered me as ...son."

Cherry Cream Sandwiches.

"What has become of my cherry cream?" cried Mrs. Subbub.

"Your cherry cream?" exclaimed the cook general.

"Yes, my complexion cream!"

"I thought that was some fancy paste you got for the party last night, so I spread it on the sandwiches!"

Abstruse Cookery.

"I see Boston girls are taking up culinary matters in the public schools."

"Learning to cut the pie, I suppose, into conic sections."

First Girl—"I like a man with a past. He is always interesting."

Second Girl—"... so, but I don't think he is nearly as interesting as a man with a future."

Third Girl—"The man who interests me is the man with a present, and the more expensive the present the more interest I take in it."

Woman's Way.

Mrs. Crawford—"Why don't you ask your husband's advice?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"I intend to, my dear, just as soon as I've made up my mind what I'll do."

Big Sister—"Willie, I want you to stay in the parlor when George calls tonight."

Willie—"All right. Dat will be worth about two baseball tickets."

His Past Catches Up.

"What brought you here, my man?" asked the jail visitor of a prisoner.

"I married a new woman, sir," was the reply.

"Aha! And she was so domineering and extravagant that she drove you to evil courses, eh?"

"No," answered the prisoner, "the old woman turned up."

Smith's Other Name.

"Smith is a lucky man," said Brown.

"He certainly is," agreed Jones. "He has raised six daughters and he doesn't have to support even one of his sons-in-law."

Call It Square.

Brazen Co-Ed—"What shape is a kiss?"

Unsophisticated Fresh—"Why—uh—I never noticed."

B. C.—"Well, give me one and we'll call it square."

Slight Mistake.

"Selling motor tires now?"

"No, these are eyeglasses."

"So they are. I was misled by those large rims."

Overheard

"You are the first girl I have kissed"—he began passionately.

"Oh, George," she cried ecstatically.

"... today," said George.

The Only Time.

"Some people," observed Colonel Beanfugle, "never stay at home except on election day, and then they overdo the thing."

The Case Stated.

"The Germans declare they are invincible."

"Go tell that to the marines."

THE MODERN MEAL.

Bill Bings is tame . . . He's not the same . . . The fearful kicks he used to frame,
Are silent now . . . Tho dark his brow . . . He never tries to start a row.
He used to yell . . . And say, Well! Well! . . . A waiter's services to compel,
And scan with care . . . The bill of fare . . . And call for things that were not there.

He's ill at ease . . . And when he sees . . . A waiter, Bill says, "If you please."
No fuss he makes . . . For chops or steaks . . . Just what they offer him he takes.
He is too wise . . . To analyze . . . The food for quality or size.
And as he slips . . . Quadruple tips . . . Bill murmurs, "Thank you, sir," and skips.

Absent—Mrs. Murphy.

When Mr. Murphy ... went out on his ... beside his ... to speak to the ... rather necessary a little later to consult the chauffeur and he said hesitatingly, "Pardon me, sor, for spakin', but since we bumped over those stones twenty minutes ago Mrs. Murphy has not been in the car."

Here and There.

He finished a ... about being ate ... "I don't believe a word of it ... wife ... There's where you're wrong ... Several words of it are true."

Known to Fame.

"... think I'll marry Grace." "She ought to make you an economical wife." "How so?" "That's ... is the saving Grace ... heard about ..." ... eggs? ... take ... trust."

Seldom Seen.

Sobyeski Kournos, the Polish pianist, narrated at a dinner in Denver Poland's unhappy story, relates the Washington Star.

"In this new Austro-German wrangle about the partition of Poland," said a mine owner, "... will Poland take?"

Prof. Kournos laughed bitterly.

"Did you ever see two dogs fighting over a bone?" he asked.

"Yes," said the mine owner.

"Well," said Prof. Kournos, "... you ever see the bone do any fighting?"

Effects of Hard Drinking.

An old gentleman was being shaved by a barber who had evidently become unnerved by the previous night's dissipation. Finally he cut the gentleman's chin. The latter looked up at the man reproachfully, and said:

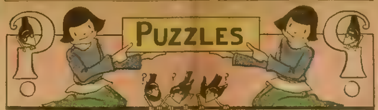
"You see, my man, what comes of hard drinking."

"Yes, sir," said the barber, consolingly, "it makes the skin tender."

One Luxury Left.

Hubby—"Now, don't get angry, dear. It doesn't pay."

Wife—"I certainly do enough things I hate without pay. Kindly let me keep the luxury of getting angry!"



Historic Diagonal.

95—1. A fort built by the English during the French and Indian war.
2. A French writer on early life in Nova Scotia.
3. A French novelist and historian.
4. A French fort on Lake Ontario.
5. An island in New France.
6. An early seigneur of Arcadia.
7. The Frenchman who received Tonty's letter fourteen years after it was written.
8. A Governor of New France.
9. The commandant of Louisburg when captured by Pepperell.

The diagonal from upper left to lower right names an Indian who helped blaze the trail later known as "Braddock's Road."

Farmer's Problem.

96—A farmer was offered 70 cents per bushel for his crop of 160 bushels of potatoes at digging time; but he kept them until March and sold them at 75 cents per bushel. What did he gain or lose by keeping them, if they lost 10 per cent in weight from storage?

A Fishing Trip.

97—1. What fish makes a bright day?
2. What fish gives light at night?
3. What fish ought to bark?
4. What fish should a soldier carry?
5. What fish belongs in a bird cage?

Beheadings.

98—To behead a word, drop its first letter and make another word.
1. Behead a shelter for ships and leave a shady bower.
2. Behead a bird known for the swiftness and gracefulness of its flight and leave to flounder.
3. Behead fatigue and leave anger.
4. Behead a chest for keeping money and valuables and leave to make a proposal.
5. Behead a country home and leave part of the body.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

91. Diamond.

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      A I M
    A R M O R
  S I M I L A R
    M O L D Y
      R A Y
        R
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92. Beheadings.

1. Glad, lad.
2. Crow, row.
3. Smile, mile.

93. Charade.

Pleasantry.

94. Rivers of the United States.

1. Potomac.
2. Tombigbee.
3. Illinois.
4. Connecticut.
5. Cumberland.
6. Pearl.
7. Arkansas.
8. Trinity.
9. Missouri.
10. Osage.
11. Colorado.
12. Little Sioux.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

The Main Thing.

Ted—"Cheer up, old man! Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder."

Ned—"What's worrying me is that I'm not just sure that it's having the same effect on the ..."

Wife—"What makes mankind cynical?"

Hubby—"Womankind."

Thoughtful.

William ..., the novelist, was talking ...

"His work is overr... ," ... said.

"In short, his work reminds me of the young husband who ... bride at ...

Doubtful Luck.

Belle—"Do you think Friday is unlucky?"

Freddie—"No. I was born on a Friday."

Belle—"And what do your parents think?"

Lookout Above.

"That blinkin' patent spirit stove of yours has gorn out, George."

"Well, can't yer light it again?"

"No! It's gorn out thru the roof of the dugout."

Painful Associations.

"I see where the food mobs in Vienna are throwing war bread thru the windows."

"It must be like the kind my wife makes."

Paradoxical Nourishment

"Mayme says she likes to feed her mind."

"I don't think she's going to do it by devouring serials."

A Woman of Experience.

He—If I am detained downtown late tonight, don't wait up for me.

She—I shan't. I shall come down for you.

Quite True.

"They say we will have to cut down on our gas and electricity."

"Yes; ours is a dark outlook."

Next

...

He Must Have Known.

A somewhat befuddled individual, who had evidently been ... a trifle freely, climbed on ... the car with ...

"What's the matter?" he asked, mildly, as he observed the conductor's impatience. "Ain't this car the one I want?"

"How do I know whether it is or not?" growled the conductor.

"Oh, you must have known it, or you ..."

Higher Up.

Irate Lady—"That attendant over there doesn't act as courteous and obsequious as he should. I wish to report him."

Hotel Clerk—"Then you'll have to write his commanding officer a letter, madam. He's in naval aviation."

The Reason.

... of the ...

Remarkable Woman.

...

Saw His Value.

A gorgeously dressed foreign officer was walking down Whitehall the other day in full dress when he was met by two countrymen. Quite staggered at the gorgeous apparition clanking toward them, they riveted their eyes on the ... and with a wondering gaze the one exclaimed to the other with a sharp nudge in the ribs and a look of fun:

"Begorra, wouldn't I like to pawn him."

Getting Back at Him.

"It's going to be war to the knife," declared the suburban man who was feeding his chickens.

"..." ... friend.

"... box of axle ... it on my ..."

"..."

"... back and told him ..."

Politician—"You wouldn't sell your vote, would you?"

Rastus—"No, sir, but ef any candidate would gib me $1 I'd feel so grateful dat I'd vote fo' him."

CHICAGO LEDGER

[illegible], 178 W. D. Boyce Co.]

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year (156 issues), $1.40 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Five 3 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.45 each Agate Line; for Classified, 25 cents a word, per insertion; for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Boyce Weekly Blade combined.

These two publications are America's most popular weeklies, and are read by millions of people every week.

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GENTLE JABS.

The fewer steps a man takes the longer his shoes last.

Sometimes a rich bachelor makes a poor husband.

Women hate to answer questions, but love to ask them.

A fool and his money make a noise like a good thing.

The only thing that beats paying debts is not making them.

Invisible patches ought to be used in fixing up quarrels.

[illegible] the world are [illegible] who make good [illegible]

[illegible] Optimism for trouble.

Isn't it queer how long some people can talk about nothing?

Some of the heaven made matches got their tips in the other place.

When one good turn begets another we shall have perpetual motion.

No man ever surprised a woman by telling her that he loved her.

Lots of good people would go wrong if they did not fear punishment.

Take care of the tomorrows; the yesterdays will take care of themselves.

What makes woman so happy over Christmas is that it isn't her birthday.

That man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

The man who jumps at conclusions is not to meet with a surprise when he lands.

A good dinner has about the same effect on a man that a good cry has on a woman.

After the average man strikes it rich it keeps him busy trying to forget old acquaintances.

A woman's missing sense of humor has saved many a man from making a fool of himself.

No man who spends his time playing chess needs hope to butt into the frenzied financier class.

Practice makes perfect—at least piano practice is calculated to make perfect martyrs of the neighbors.

Beware of the girl with the marble heart, young man. Even cold cash can warm it up only temporarily.

Many a man's failure is due to his having wasted his time in envying the success of his neighbor's strenuous efforts.

It a man has plenty of change in his pocketsit when he goes to bed his wife may not have occasion to ask him for pin money.

The Editor Has His Say Here

ONE of our readers undertook to write a fiction story the other day and submitted it to the Ledger. It didn't fill the bill and was returned with one of the customary rejection slips. Now, an experienced writer realizes that an editor has a great many manuscripts to read in the course of a day and that, even tho he should so desire, he could not take the time to write each author a letter explaining why the story does not suit. This is not only a world-be author, however, was not satisfied with the rejection of this manuscript and wrote asking the editor to criticise it. In this case it happened that the editor remembered this particular story and he sat down and briefly pointed out that it was a story that had been told in some form or other many, many times. The plot was not new in the first place That of itself would not have barred it, but the handling of the story was not [illegible] either. That was a fatal defect. As has been pointed out in this column before, people suddenly conceive that they can write a story, they sit down with pen and ink and write it, dash it off as it comes to mind, mail it to the editor, then feel terribly abused because it comes back with nothing more than a polite note of rejection.

WRITING is just as much of a profession as medicine, or banking, or engineering or any one of a thousand or other occupations. To write acceptable [illegible] one must [illegible] [illegible] thirty [illegible] [illegible] who have to read the so-called stories. So, unless you have written and corrected and rewritten again and again until your story is as near perfection as you can get it, don't waste postage sending it thru the mails.

IF YOU lived in China now your wounded feelings upon having a story sent back would be plentifully salved by the note of rejection which a Chinese editor considers it necessary to send out. Listen to this: "We have read thy manuscript with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we swear that never before have we reveled in so enthralling a masterpiece. If we printed it we should henceforth be obliged to take it as a model, as a standard of quality and achievement, and henceforth never print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal in 10,000 years, and we love you as we love with our poor, uninspired paper once a day, we are compelled, tho shaken with sorrow and blinded with tears at the necessity, to return thy divine manuscript, and for doing so we ask a thousand pardons."

LAST week, by actual count, 223 manuscripts were received in the Ledger office for reading and possible acceptance. Of this number almost 200 were returned after the first reading; seventeen remained after a second reading and six survived the final decision. That is a fair average of the extent to which the staff goes in picking out the stories which finally are offered you. Editing a fiction magazine is hardly the easy job you might think from the outside.

THE fall season is almost upon us and plans for the Ledger rapidly are assuming definite shape. This does not mean that there is to be a radical change of any kind in the magazine; too many of you like it as it is. But it does mean that we are going to try and make it even better and for the same price. From the suggestions which so many of you have sent in, from the ideas offered by the staff, from what other editors have tried and found good, we are going to select the best and give them all to you in the Ledger this fall and winter. A noted publisher was interviewed the other day upon the results of his investigation of what the people want nowadays in reading matter. He said that the pendulum was swinging back, that people were sated with war stuff, that more and more good fiction was to be in demand and that the editor who gave his readers the best fiction was the man who would have the best magazine. In its own field the Ledger intends to lead the others. We believe we are doing it now and to keep up the pace will be our endeavor.

FEATURED next week will be a splendid short story of the moving picture world called "The Girl on the Beach." It is a clever story of love and the films. A noted screen actor and an equally noted actress are to play in the same picture for the first time. Each of them decides to get into the spirit of the play, living the life of the hero and heroine of the story before they actually begin work. As a result there is created a situation that will hold you spellbound until the end and the splendid climax. Another short story which undoubtedly you will like is by Alvah Milton Kerr, until a year ago editor of the Ledger. "The Flame of Love" it is named and we believe it one of the best things Mr. Kerr ever wrote. Love, passion, thrills—all enter into the tale and the author carries it out to a conclusion that is dramatic and satisfying as well. No new serial will be started next week in order that we may be able to get [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Quarterbreed

(Continued From Page 13.)

of the firelight. Some of the Indians started to aim their weapons at him. He held up his right hand, palm forward. A deep voice called out a guttural order. The threatening bucks drew apart to right and left, and a naked boy ran forward with a blazing stick to drive off the dogs.

Hardy calmly advanced to the fire between the grim and stolid bucks. There was not one among them who was not itching to drive a bullet or arrow thru his body, and he knew it. Yet he faced them as coolly and quietly as if they were his own party.

The bucks looked toward the far side of the fire, as if for the signal to strike down the audacious intruder. Hardy followed their glances, and perceived a blanket-wrapped Indian who sat in the midst of the volcanic hush, seemingly as placid and immobile as a Buddha. His face was down-bent, and so muffled in the blanket that Hardy could not make out the features. It was, however, easy to divine that the man was the chief of the band.

Hardy walked around the fire with his most dignified bearing, sat down beside the chief, and laid his rifle on the ground between them. He then folded his arms and waited, his eyes fixed on the fire in a calm, unwavering gaze. There followed a silence of a full moment's duration. He knew that it might end at any moment in an attack. His hand gripped the hilt of his pistol on his breast, under the edge of his coat. The bucks stealthily shifted their positions until they had completely surrounded the unwelcome visitor. Hardy sat motionless, and gave no sign that he observed them.

At last, when the suspense had become almost unendurable, the chief muttered a word to the nearest buck. The man glided back toward the largest tepee. The chief pushed the blanket from his head. Hardy slowly looked aside at him, and perceived the forceful profile of Ti-owa-konza, the Thunderbolt. As he calmly turned his gaze back to the fire, his eyes were bright with satisfaction. He was to deal with the head chief of the tribe.

The two followed another silence. It was broken by the tread of light feet, and a girl appeared beside the chief. Hardy caught a glimpse of a gingham [illegible] of the girl. He [illegible] astounded [illegible] like you," Mr. Van said [illegible]

[illegible] from Ti-owa-konza [illegible] short the chief spoke to the girl. She clasped her hands and interpreted in an undertone.

"He says I must be only the tongue between you and him. He says, why did you lie? Why have you not gone away, as you said you would?"

Hardy turned, and looked direct into the lustrously fair face of the chief. "Tell him I did not lie. I did not say I would go away. I wished to stay and prove myself the friend of the tribe. Your brother told the lie, to keep the chiefs from destroying the tribe by attacking me."

Olinna's interpretation of the guttural exclamations from the surrounding bucks. Hardy was equally unmoved by their fierce anger and by the contemptuous rejoinder of Ti-owa-konza:

"Does the chief of the Longknives think to destroy the Ti-owa-konzas?"

"No, nor do I wish others to destroy the tribe," answered Hardy. "I do not wish the Longknives to come and make war on the tribe. Yet that is what they will do if I am harmed."

Again Olinna echoed in her flute-like tones. This time the chief considered before speaking. Olinna's gold-tinted skin made a sallow [illegible]

"He—he says he will fight you if you do not promise to go away?" she gasped.

Hardy smiled. "Tell him, Olinna. He is too great a chief to kill a guest in his camp. Tell him I came to the Reservation to be a friend to the tribe. The I am a chief of the Longknives, my heart is good towards his people." It would be foolish to kill or drive away the friend of his people."

This time Ti-owa-konza gave the Intruder a good many words. And the bucks surrounding bucks glared more ferociously than ever.

"He says you are forked-tongue," Olinna translated the reply. "He says if you are a friend, why did you say at the council that you would punish all the tribe for killing Mr. Nogen?"

"That is a mistake. I did not say I would punish the tribe."

Olinna interpreted the answer and the grim old chief's rejoinder: "The Longknife's mouth was big at the Agency. Here is the knife in my camp and his mouth is small."

"I talk as I talked at the Agency. What Ti-owa-konza claims I said about punishing the tribe is not the truth. There must have been a mistake in the interpretation, or the chiefs did not hear aright. I had only peace and friendship in my heart. I said that I did not blame the killing of Mr. Nogen on the tribe."

This statement failed to break Thunderbolt's mask of stolidity, the some of the other Indians slightly relaxed their menacing attitude. Hardy took off his hat to show the red scar above his temple, and spoke again:

"I do not blame the killing of Mr. Nogen on the tribe; nor do I blame the tribe for the wrongdoing of the bad-hearted Indian who shot me in the head five days ago. The same man, or another man with a bad heart, tried to shoot me after sundown today as I came up the trail on the other side of the broken-topped mountain."

Olinna's interpretation was met by a guttural "Ugh!" of surprise even from the chief. He asked shrewdly: "If the Longknife does not lie, is he not afraid to be in my camp? It is the nearest to the trail."

Hardy smiled, and held out his open palm to the chief: "I trust Ti-owa-konza and his people. There is that on one had Indian, and even he may come to feel good in his heart toward me when he learns that I am the friend of the tribe."

Still the old chief's face remained inscrutably impassible, and pondering, and at last made another sharp query: "The Longknife claims that he is a friend. Why then has he not told the council that he will do the way Nogen did, and mail my people dig stones and dirt from the big Valley of Diamonds, giving them any trade goods for their work?"

Hardy's clear eyes dimmed for a moment, and he spoke with comprehension. He answered with an earnest sincerity of tone that compelled belief:

"I was not at the council. Redbear mistook much of what I told him to say, or else, in their anger, Ti-owa-konza and his chiefs failed to understand aright the interpretation. The place where stones are dug is on Indian ground, belongs to the tribe. No white man has the right to make your people dig stones. If they are willing to dig they must be given trade goods for their work."

The response to this statement was unmistakable. The moment that Olinna had interpreted it the last trace of menace disappeared from the bearing of the Indians, and even the chief began to relax. Yet he had still another query:

"Did not the Longknife say he would stop the issue to the tribe of all Government goods, and that he would take away from the tribe all he had sold and give them to the white men?"

[illegible] Hardy [illegible] a twisted interpretation that had given the exact reverse of what had been intended. Yet he knew that the confusion in his hands, Hardy at once began to make clear what he had tried to tell the council. He explained that the issues of goods would cease the following spring and what was meant by an allotting of tribal land in severalty. He explained that if there was any gold on any of the Reservation land it would be well for the tribe to have the land that was thus owned; otherwise bad white men would, sooner or later, come in and steal it.

More than the force of Hardy's sincerity, tho with still a lingering suspicion, Ti-owa-konza explained in turn that the tribe had only willing to allot the farming land of the Reservation and sell the mineral land, but a treaty to that effect had been agreed upon by the tribe the previous year. All that remained to be done was for the White chiefs in Washington to agree on the price to be paid for the mineral land, and for a delegation of tribal chiefs to go to Washington and put their marks on the treaty paper.

A question or two from Hardy brought out the angry complaint that when Nogen began to dig stones in the valley this chief there would be no treaty, and that the tribe must dig the stones for him or they would get no trade goods. Hardy and Van and Big-mouth (Dupont) had tried to get Nogen to give trade goods to the young men who gave him the stones from the holes. But Nogen would not allow it. Then a bad Indian had shot Nogen, and Van had shot the killer. The tribe did not blame Chief Van. But they had felt bad toward Nogen, and they had felt bad toward Van, because it seemed to them he thought that he would do as Nogen had done. Now they would like the new agent. The Indians would wish to kill him when it became known what he intended to do for the tribe.

After the old chief finished this explanation there was a long silence. Welcome and honored guest in the camp. At his suggestion, Ti-owa-konza readily agreed to send out runners at the meeting to call a council at the mine the day after. Hardy, in turn, promised to draw up papers in due smooth the way of the delegation of chiefs in Washington.

At a sign from her grandfather, Olinna now brought food to the group. While he ate he talked with her about her experience in the camp. She told him joyously that her mother's father and all his family and band had been very kind to her and had been hospitable, tho not so kind, to her brother.

"No," Denied the Girl. "Not That. It Would Ruin You."

But when Hardy casually inquired whether Redbear had left the camp [illegible] the same time as Vandervyn the [illegible] flow of conversation came to an abrupt stop. She blushed and stammered, and became so painfully shy and confused that Hardy considerately feigned drowsiness and asked to be shown to a bed.

CHAPTER XV.
HIS DUTY.

TI-OWA-KONZA himself led the guest to the place of honor in his own tepee. Hardy handed over his rifle, and stretched out on the blankets between [illegible] [illegible] was dignified, the Hardy had to surmise its meaning from the chief's expression. Olinna was already outside, helping with breakfast. While she served her grandfather and the guest, Hardy suggested that she go with him to the mine, where they probably would find Marie and the rest of the party.

Shortly after sunrise he took ceremonious leave of the old chief, and set out up the mountain-side with the girl and a young Indian guide.

A quarter-hour brought the little party to the top of the low mountain. Before them the far side of the mountain pitched down a steep and rocky incline into a narrow valley. The silent Indian guide pointed to a terrace midway down the descent. From [illegible] rose a cloud of blue [illegible] smoke. No Indian would have built a fire of green wood. The guide grunted, spoke a word to Olinna, and started back to the Indian camp.

"He says white man down there," explained Olinna. Her eyes beamed radiantly, and she clasped her hands. "Oh, if he is there! I do so long to——" She checked herself and cast a frightened glance at Hardy. "I—I mean my brother—I mean Charlie. You know I told you he might be at the mine."

"Yes," said Hardy, his lips tightening. "Let us go down."

They reached the foot of the steep descent fully five hundred yards off to the right of the smoke.

Soon Olinna pointed out a cabin among the pines. They were still fifty yards of it when Vandervyn and Dupont came out of a hole in the cliff-end of a spur-ridge near the cabin, and stood staring. The two men glanced at one another, and advanced to meet him half-way.

Dupont was the first to speak: "By Gar, Cap, you sure are mighty glad to see you ag'in all safe and sound! Thought you'd gone and lost yourself on that cussed mountain. The pleece are back there now, looking for you."

"And you two are here, I see," dryly replied Hardy. "When I was attacked, you rode away, instead of flanking the enemy, as I ordered——"

"I beg your pardon, Captain Hardy," replied Vandervyn, his eyes flashing with quick anger. "There is no occasion for you to charge me with cowardice. I heard you say nothing about flanking. You told me to go ahead and guard Marie."

"I added for you to send the police around to flank the assassin."

Vanderyn drew himself up stiffly. "You have my word, sir, that I heard nothing of that."

"In common decency, you might have returned to see what had become of me," returned Hardy.

Vanderyn bit h[illegible] Van go[illegible] Marie thru here. [illegible] the mine, where she'd be safe. The cabin's loop-holed, as you'll see. So we lit out fast as we could. But soon's we found you wasn't following, we sent back three of the pleece. After we got here, one of 'em come along with the report that they'd found your mare, but lost your trail up in the rocks. First thing this morning we sent the whole bunch back to trail you."

The honest bluffness of Dupont's tone and his straightforward statement compelled belief. Hardy nodded. "Very well. I could not expect that either of you would trouble to go back for me."

"Just the same, we would've, Cap, you can bet your life on it—only on account of Marie and——" The trader turned a dubious glance on Olinna, and remarked: "[illegible] stumbled into old Thunder-[illegible]——"

"I did," said Hardy and he smiled. "Thanks to Miss Olinna, I was able to make myself better understood than when her brother acted as interpreter. I have reason to believe that he wilfully misstated what I said to the chiefs, and caused them——"

"Oh, no—no, sir! Oh, no. Charlie never could have done that!" cried Olinna, forgetful of her timidity in the defense of her brother.

"By Gar!" swore Dupont. "That old Thunderbolt is a deep one. Just like him to try to throw off the track by laying it all on Charlie."

"I'm not so much of that, Jake," broke in Vandervyn. "You remember, Charlie was scared stiff. The Captain gave him a lot to do and he got in dirt chunks. He may have become muddled."

"Well, mebbe that had part to do with it. It's mighty easy to git Lakotah mixed hind foremost. Just the same, you can bet the whole bunch was primed to take everything the wrong way. They was feeling bad in their hearts when they come. Can't tell me the whole tribe ain't sore. Look at the way they've twice tried to git Cap—and potting Charlie last night."

"Charlie!" gasped Olinna. "You say—Oh, Mr. Dupont, he's not—not——"

"No—buck up," brusquely replied Vandervyn. "He was only nipped thru the arm. He will be all right in a few days."

"All right? O-o-oh, thank you!" sighed the girl.

In the stress of the moment she forgot that they were not alone. She held out her arms to him and looked up into his face, her soft eyes beaming with love and adoration.

He frowned, and his voice grated with harshness: "Don't be a fool! He's in

the cabin. Miss Dupont is taking care of him. Go and thank her, not me."

Tears gushed into the girl's eyes. She dropped her head, and slunk away as if Vandervyn had struck her. Hardy's face became like stone.

"Mr. Vandervyn," he admonished, "do not let me ever hear you speak to any woman in that tone."

Vandervyn's smile was not agreeable. "You must have seen the silly face she gave me. I've got to speak that way to keep her from me."

Hardy's frown deepened. "Be careful what you insinuate, sir. The girl is as pure and innocent as Miss Dupont."

Vandervyn sneered. "The chivalrous champion. Have it your own way. Now, I suppose you will worry and rag Charlie about a fever about balling up his interpretation at the council."

"Ah for that—" began Hardy. He stopped short, and raised his hand.

Marie had come out of the cabin, and was hastening forward to greet him, her beautiful face radiant.

"Captain!" she called. "You're here safe and unhurt!"

"Safe and unhurt!" replied Hardy.

"But how could Olona—sure she did not help you escape the murderer?"

"No. It was easy enough to dislodge the fellow. The difficulty was to track him among those rocks. Soon lost him and myself also.

"And he essayed to shoot Charlie—the world's one poor boy was tracking a deer over on the ridge half a mile or so this side. He escaped down to the trail. There one of the police found him, and brought him here on your mare, two or three hours after dark."

"I regret that I did not have better luck," remarked Hardy. "I know I wounded the rascal; but this proves he was not too disabled to shoot."

"It makes me shudder to think what would have happened had he found courage to wait among the rocks and shoot you down as you passed him," exclaimed the girl.

"All's well that ends well," Hardy sought to reassure her. "I'm here, unhurt, as you see; Redbear, I understand, has only a slight wound; and the danger will not recur. Thanks to Miss Redbear, the old chief now knows that I am a friend of the tribe. He will call a council to meet us here tomorrow."

"A council—here?" queried Vandervyn.

"Why not?" demanded Hardy, fixing him with his keen gaze. "Could there be a more suitable place for a tribal council than at the mine which has been the source of all the recent trouble on this Reservation?"

Vandervyn muttered inaudibly. Hardy's gaze darkened. "Speak out, sir! What is it you are blabbing?"

"Nothing," rejoined Hardy. "She has done no more than interpret between the head chief and myself. I have learned all about Nogen's dishonesty and his harshness to the tribe. I told all that to you and Mr. Vandervyn tried to induce him to be more just, else I should order you both off the Reservation for lying to me."

"Lying? What do you mean by that?" blustered Dupont.

"The word is explicit," said Hardy. "Mr. Vandervyn, take your hand from your holster. Miss Dupont, I regret the necessity of making this reprimand in your presence."

The girl's eyes were ablaze with indignant anger. "Regret is a mild excuse for insulting my father, sir."

"You said to my regret. Yet, as acting agent, it is my duty to censure your father and Mr. Vandervyn for deceiving me. Had they told me of Nogen's malfeasance—his blocking of the new treaty and compelling the Indians to work like serfs without pay—"

"He did that!" Marie questioned her father.

"Well, me and Mr. Van could not

could to git him to pay 'em," mumbled Dupont.

"Of course! But he I did not think him so mean." The girl's eyes lowered and her nostrils dilated. "So that was why he was shot? I don't blame the man who did it—I could have done it myself! The thief! Reggie, if only you had let the fellow escape!"

"Really, Marie," replied Vandervyn. "He was a blood-mad—would have got Charlie and me, too, if we hadn't got him."

That was self-defense," said Hardy. "It has been greed and dishonesty, too, that have prompted you to conceal from me the facts that led up to the killing. I have twice barely escaped assassination because I knew nothing about the situation, and the chiefs supposed I would do as Nogen had done. Aside from the danger to me, you have permitted the girl to remain under an uprising that would have compelled their pacification by the War Department. All this that you might get the profits of the mine."

"Steal our own ore?" bellowed Dupont. "You're plumb locoed."

"Not so much, if you please," quietly replied Hardy. "The ore is not yours."

"That's all you know about it," blustered the trader. "Whole tribe discoverers and locators of the lode."

"The lode is not subject to location. It is on land in severalty."

"What if it is? Ain't I a member of the tribe?"

"The tribal land has not yet been allotted in severalty. Every square foot of ground on the Reservation belongs to the tribe as a whole. Any one member can hold individual title to any of it."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Dupont, far from silenced. "If the tribe wants to work the mine, and they want me and Mr. Van to help 'em get them out the ore, what in h—l have you got to say about it?"

"Nothing at present," answered Hardy. "If the tribe consents, I shall make no objection. You will be able to cheat them only a few months longer, before the new treaty is consummated and all this mineral land opened to location and entry under the mining laws."

The veins on Vandervyn's crimsoned forehead were swollen and pulsating with his fierce anger. He spoke in a high, airy tone: "Say, you are going to pull wires to get our mine taken away from us?"

"I shall see that justice is done towards the tribe," said Hardy, and he fixed the younger man with a glance that compelled him to blink and look aside.

"Now look Major—"

The angry outburst of a mouth of profanity.

"You hypocrite! You self-righteous martinet! You would reprimand my father and Mr. Van, would you? And each a thousand times better than you! Who has made all the trouble here since you came? The whole tribe hates you—and I'm one of the tribe. You straight-laced prig! You say Pere and Reggie are dishonest, when all they wish to do is to give the Indians their own good pay. But you—you want to take away the mine from the tribe and from us too!"

Miss Dupont, if you will permit me——" protested Hardy, his face white.

"Don't you dare to speak to me!" the girl, now fairly beside herself. "I hate you—I detest you! To insult my father, and Mr. Van, and Reggie! When He found it—he and Reggie discovered it! If Nogen had not been so despicable—he was killing them! He ought to be killed. So will you be, if you rob us of our mine!"

Hardy winced under the scornful reproaches, yet did not yield a hair. "I have done my duty, Miss Dupont. I shall continue to do it. I have no intention of robbing any one of what is rightfully his."

"You speak legally!" she retorted. "Your miserable laws! You know that morality the mine is ours!"

"Yet where the situation is thrown open for entry, some one else who never saw the mine may slip in ahead of us and jump it," said the trader.

"That is something I cannot prevent," said Hardy.

"You can!" contradicted Marie. "The chiefs will not insist on the new treaty—they will do what Pere thinks best for them and us. If you leave the matter to him and Reggie."

"I must do my duty as acting agent," insisted Hardy.

The girl turned her back upon him in open disdain. He raised his hat to her, and started for the trail, his face white, but his shoulders squared back and his head very erect.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER CARD OR TWO.

VANDERVYN'S eyes flashed with deadly hate as he saw the agent's figure actively straight back of the captain. Unobserved by Marie, he slipped his hand down to his hip. The half-crooked fingers were closing upon the hilt of his revolver when Dupont gripped him by the wrist.

"Don't you, Mr. Van," he muttered "We ain't going to play that card. You agreed not to."

"Let go, you fool!" The young man's voice was dry and husky.

Marie glanced about. At sight of Vandervyn's face her own anger gave way to anxiety.

"No, no, Reggie, not that!" she exclaimed. "It would ruin you—and then —then what should I do?"

The quiver in her voice, the tender pleading in her glorious eyes, reached even at the height of his unreasoning fury. He stared at her as if dazed. He permitted Dupont to pull his hand away from the revolver hilt. Then a sudden black suspicion sent a fresh wave of crimson into his hate-convulsed face. He wrenched his wrist out of Dupont's grasp and again clutched his revolver.

"You—to betray him!" he gasped.

"No!" denied the girl. She sprang before his upraised revolver. "Not him—you—save you!"

"Keep away!"

"No!" she insisted, and she grasped the muzzle of the long Colt.

All unconscious of the struggle behind him, Hardy turned the corner of the cabin. Vandervyn caught his attempt to pull the weapon out of the girl's desperate clutch.

"Hope you're satisfied," he growled. "He's safe out of sight."

"And you're safe," she panted. "Oh, how could you be so foolish?"

"Foolish?" he rejoined. "Mine lost—you everything lost!"

"Not all," he whispered, her eyelids drooping to hide the love-light in the black depths beneath.

"You mean——" Vandervyn's face flame flushed and subsided. "All the more reason to get back there—to him. Knowing that you——"

"There must be some one——"

"Not unless you and Pere want it lost—enough to make a fuss of that——" He looked over her shoulder at the cabin. Then he added: "Come down to the creek where she—where he can't see us."

"Pere too. Perhaps we can think of some plan."

Dupont nodded. But he was soon left behind the couple. Once he walked up and more behind, and as soon as they passed from sight around a thicket of chaparral he sat down to wait.

A few minutes later Hardy came out of the cabin. The very grave, he was thinking, and his face, once he walked up to Dupont, who sat puffing at his pipe on the top of the mine-dump.

"Redbear gone?" he said half-delirious I thought it best to leave him quiet," he said. "Where is your daughter?"

Dupont pointed where he pushed the mountainside.

"She went off with Mr. Van, to try to smooth down his fur. You did right in what you said to reprimand you."

"All right, Cap. I don't bear no grudge. I'm willing to accept your apology."

"You misunderstand me, sir. I cannot apologize for doing my duty——"

"Well, I'll overlook it if you made it," genially insisted the trader. "Guess, the, Mr. Van is pretty hot under the collar."

Hardy frowned. "That does not affect me. It is the thought that your daughter——"

Dupont nodded in confirmation of the unfinished statement. "It ain't going to be dead easy to git hitched up with her after the way she's treated like I was a injin. But she won't allow nobody else to jump on me. Women're funny that way. And she often show it, but she thinks a sight of me."

"There is Vandervyn, as well," added Hardy.

"Well, as for him," remarked the father, his eyes twinkling craftily. "I do believe I have a chance to git before you come along. That sort of chanced thing —only now you has to go and wipe you boots on him. I'll be bound it It's killed your goose with her, tho—unless you make up for it some way."

Hardy's eyes burned with sternness. But he set his jaw and answered deliberately: "I cannot do otherwise than I have said."

Mebbe not," admitted Dupont. "We don't look for you to, not unless you git to see how we're acting better for the tribe. There's plenty of time to talk about that. Mebbe now you'd like to take a look at the mine."

"Yes," crisply agreed Hardy.

Dupont rose and led him to the mouth of the tunnel. He unlocked a heavy door, chest and took out two candles. These were needed, for the tunnel ran into the mountainside less than three hundred feet, its twisting course along the ore-vein soon shut out the daylight. Dupont recalled his companion's dubious look at the sofe ore-body that formed the roof and one wall of the tunnel.

"Walk quiet and don't talk loud," he said. "We ain't done no timbering yet. Drove in this drift to the foot of the shaft that we have only just ceased to work, so we could figure what we had to count on."

Hardy made no reply until they came to the end of the tunnel and stepped out into the dim daylight of the shaft bottom. He looked up the big, square, timbered well and remarked: "You sunk this first, then drove it to meet it."

"Yep. Wanted to make sure the vein didn't pinch out nowhere. Nogen and Mr. Van both figured we got three han-

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dred thousand dollars of ore as good as blocked out!"

"Ah," said Hardy, and he signed to Dupont to lead the way back.

They had gone twenty-five or thirty paces when a little slither of ore fell on the floor of the tunnel in front of Dupont. Instantly he sprang forward, with a whispered cry: "Jump—quick!"

Hardy leaped after him, barely in time to clear the ton or more of ore that dropped from the roof in a mass. Without stopping to look behind them, the men hastened stealthily down the slight slope of the tunnel, their candles upraised and eyes fixed on the soft, raw ore-body above them. At any moment the entire roof might cave in and bury them. The shock of the first fall loosened small quantities more all along the passage. Fragments dribbled down behind and in front of the fugitives and even on their heads. Panic stricken, they broke into a run. It was none too soon. As they dashed around the turn that brought them to the outlet, the entire roof behind them came thudding down.

Safe outside, Dupont shook the fragments from his hat and clothes, and pulled out his bandanna to wipe the sweat that was gathering in beads on his forehead.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "Don't never see me in there again, that's timbered!"

"Rather close call," remarked Hardy.

"You're a cool one," muttered the trader, and he scowled. "Now don't chirp! Just my luck! If I hadn't sung out, you'd 'a' got smashed under that first drop!"

"I will not forget it, Dupont."

"No, neither. Stead of being rid of me, you're sorry as ever to clean us out—and I done it!"

"You do not regret saving my life," asserted Hardy.

"Well, mebbe not. Just the same, it's mighty hard luck on us. Here we went and laid out all that time and three hundred thousand dollars as good as in our pockets—not to speak of all that's down under the clothes! Now, by the time we get out, we know, it runs clean thru the mountain and down to China!"

"That does not alter the situation," said Hardy.

"Mebbe it don't, and then ag'in——" Dupont began to scratch his head. "Yes, mebbe it don't, and then, ag'in, mebbe it does. You know the Government ain't going to pay the full price for mineral lands—you can bet on that. Well, now, here's this mine what we've developed enough to know it's as rich as anywhere from a million to three or four million. Some lucky bum beats us to it and the Government says it's his. Is it fair and square?"

"You have acted outside the law," said Hardy. "You must take your chances with other locators."

"How about it, then?" queried Dupont. "Shan't you care nothing about the interest? Just you look at the [illegible] supposing and he said Mr. Van took hold of [illegible] proposition for the tribe and split even with them, the proposition? Wouldn't that be a sight better than if they sell it and all their other Indian friends for two cents the divvy and I give 'em? I call that a square deal to them and us, too—and I know Marie would think the same. She likes you, Cap. Just show her you want to do what's best for all concerned, and I'm dead sure she——"

"Stop!" commanded Hardy. "Leave your daughter out of this."

"You've got to drag her now I'm going to do it," replied Dupont in an injured tone. "If I don't——" He paused. "Say, she can't afford to take her and you won't have no show. She won't never forgive you. It ain't as if she was all white. There's that streak of Injun blood in her. There ain't no 'turn the other cheek' in old Sitting Bull's blood. But you git in right with Marie, and she'd work her hands to the bone for you. She ain't no common breed girl, neither. You know that. She'd be a real lady, if she had money—only you ain't going to give her no chance."

"So that was what I was to marry her," said Hardy.

"Think she believes that, when you're going to rob me and her of a fortune?"

Hardy looked directly at the tempter, his eyes clear and resolute, tho his face was white and drawn. "It is of no use, Dupont. I shall do what I consider my duty."

Dupont's face darkened. "So that's what I git for saving your life. You don't care a hang about her."

"I must beg to differ with you," said Hardy. "But I cannot expect you to understand my position."

Dupont spat in the fire and regarded it for a time in silence, doubtless brood on his wrongs in morose silence. Hardy shook himself, walked back into the cabin, beside which his saddle lay among the packs and other baggage of the party. His mare was picketed down in the valley with the ponies. He drew out a writ-

began to draft a semi-official letter to the most influential of his few acquaintances in Washington.

The Indian council is called and the parley begins; Vanderlyn leaves for Washington and with him go the representatives of the tribe. In the meanwhile the girl undergoes a transformation and Hardy is happy in her company.

Your Kitchen in War Time

Wheatless Days Are Not Over

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

SO MANY of us seem to think that because the wheat crop this year promises to be better than it has been in a long time there will be no need to use substitutes hereafter. But the Food Administration has no intention of letting us use wheat flour exclusively.

Briefly, the situation is this: From reports that have come thru the administrator's office, it seems likely that we will have more wheat for our baking this coming winter than we did last, but substitutes will still be in vogue. Recently, Herbert Hoover, now abroad, in conference with the food controllers of the other Allied countries, announced that the Allies were going to allow their people more wheat for their bread, but that they were also going to see to it that large quantities of substitutes were enough the crops next year are to better than they were this, the war may be over, but we cannot be sure of these things, and it is best to be ready to meet any situation which arises.

For this reason we must adapt as well grin and bear it, and keep on using the substitutes which we now know. Oatmeal cookies and corn muffins are known to us before war was thought of. The kiddies liked them, so did the grown folks. Corn fritters also, are fine and dandy. There are some people who would rather eat johnny bread or corn muffins than white bread, so let's keep on making them. They represent a distinct saving in wheat which pleases the Government, and they tickle the palates of our sweet millions.

Below you will find a number of good recipes, all of which have been tried, and which will prove to be real good-eaters, if directions given in them carefully, you will have no failures, and they will well repay your efforts. They make wheatlessness attractive:

OATMEAL COOKIES—One egg beaten very light, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter well beaten together. Add egg, ½ cup fat, 1 cup oatmeal, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup sweet milk. Mix and sift ingredients. Dissolve soda with 1 tablespoon of hot water, add to molasses, then add the milk and mix with dry ingredients. Turn into greased muffin pans, bake in oven and steam steadily 2½ hours. A 6-pound lard pail can be used for a mold. Sufficient for one loaf.

APPLE BETTY—Two cups of cooked sweetened apples, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 cup of barley flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, ½ teaspoonful of salt, ½ cup of water.

Place apple sauce in bottom of a baking dish. Mix and sift the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together. Chop in the butter, stir in water to make a batter. Spread this on top of the sauce. Bake in a brisk oven until thoroly done. Turn over on plate and serve with butter sauce or with sweetened whipped cream.

LADY KEITH'S HEALTH BREAD—First have you tea kettle boiling; into bread pan put what loose tea leaves, pour over it 2 cups boiling water, stir well, add scant ½ cup molasses, 1 tablespoon lard, 1 dessertspoon of salt and let cool.

When blood warm add 1 yeast cake dissolved in little lukewarm water. Now add bread flour until firm enough to be kneaded. Let rise over night, make into loaves, let rise four hours in warm place, bake 1 hour and 20 minutes.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD—Sift 5 cups of whole wheat flour and 1 cup of white flour into a large mixing bowl, add 1 cup of molasses and 2 cups sweet buttermilk. Add 2 generous teaspoonfuls of soda and 1 teaspoonful of salt to the cake. Mix all with a knife until of the consistency to form into loaves. Mold into loaves and bake. This makes two loaves.

BUCKWHEAT MUFFINS NO. 1—One cup buckwheat flour, ¼ cup white flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 1 tablespoon molasses, 2 tablespoons melted fat. Mix together the dry ingredients. Beat the eggs, add the milk, the molasses and the melted fat and add this mixture to the dry ingredients. Beat the mixture thoroly, pour into greased muffin tins and bake it in a moderate oven.

BUCKWHEAT MUFFINS NO. 2—One cup buckwheat flour, 4 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon molasses 2 tablespoons melted fat. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the liquids and pour the mixture into greased muffin tins. Bake it in a moderate oven.

GRAHAM MUFFINS—One and a half cups of graham flour, ½ cup of molasses, ½ cup of milk and a heaping teaspoon of baking powder.

MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS—One cup sour milk, ½ cup New Orleans molasses, 1 even teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, about 3 cups flour, a little nutmeg

OATMEAL MUFFINS—One and a half cups milk, 2 cups rolled oats, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons molasses, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Pour hot milk over the oatmeal and let stand [illegible] ... well eggs, molasses and melted fat. Then add dry ingredients, mixed and sifted together. Bake in greased muffin tin. 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

PARKER HOUSE CORN ROLLS—Mix and sift 1¼ cups of white flour, ¾ cup of cornmeal, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, 1 tablespoon of sugar and ½ teaspoon of salt; chop in 2 tablespoons of butter; add 1 beaten egg to ½ cup of milk and beat into the dry ingredients, making a soft dough that can be handled. Add more milk if necessary. Turn on a floured board, toss lightly and roll out to thickness of half an inch; cut with a biscuit cutter, put bits of butter in the center of each and fold opposite edges to meet in center. Brush the tops with milk and bake in a quick oven 15 minutes.

FIFTY-FIFTY CORNMEAL GRIDDLE CAKES—One cup sour milk, ¾ cup cornmeal, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

BARLEY SPONGE CAKE—Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup barley flour. Separate the whites and yolks of eggs, beat well, add lemon juice and sugar, then [illegible] and bake in slow oven.

SPICE CAKE—One-half cup butter or [illegible] cup sugar, 2 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup citron, 1 cup ... ½ teaspoon allspice, 2½ cups barley flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup raisins, 2 tablespoonfuls molasses.

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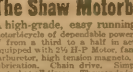

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Novel Powder Box for the Dresser

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THE doll dressed in colonial style is quaint and pleasing when it adorns the center of the dresser, but more than that, for it has hidden under its hoop-skirted gown a glass jar having a base 4 inches square for holding the powder and puff. These jars have a large glass stopper with a round knob for a handle; this should be of heavy glass to balance the weight of the doll head which forms the attractiveness of the ornament. These doll heads are of [illegible] plaques; some of these [illegible] faces with natural hair [illegible] brunette or auburn, and also have movable arms. The model holds her closed fan pointing upward toward her chin.

The other materials required are two and one-half yards of five inch wide fancy ribbon, one yard of No. 9 and two-thirds of a yard of No. 16 plain satin ribbon to match the predominating shade of the wide ribbon. Cut the five inch ribbon into three pieces of equal length, sew the ends of each piece together and run along one selvedge a heavy thread, leaving one inch around the mouth of the jar. Cover a pad of cheesecloth filled with cotton to fit the top of the stopper. Cut several strips of cheesecloth or soft muslin to form a base about half an inch wide; of this make a circle around the smallest part of the stopper,

sewing it securely, then cross the tapes several times up over the pad at the top, sew this tight to the circle and [illegible] pad. This is very important, for the head and upper trimmings, and if [illegible] gir[illegible] rim of the [illegible] and ruffle. To the nail sew the doll and round the body of the doll sew the remaining [illegible]

Of the ends of the narrow ribbon [illegible] sachet bags, one square, [illegible] pointed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MAIDA'S WOOER

By H. M. Egbert

(Copyright.)

MAIDA stood still and looked at the black object upon the beach. At first she thought it was a seal, washed ashore after the great storm that had whipped up the shingle in great ridges all around the lighthouse rock. Then she saw that it was a man.

She held her breath in terror. Presently she ventured to draw nearer. It was a young man, with dark hair and a pale face, the tan of the neck ending in a V where the open shirt collar disclosed the white of the skin beneath.

For a moment Maida did not know what to do. Then, moved by compassion, she knelt beside him and rested his head upon her knees, while she tried to revive him, chafing his hands and dashing sea water upon his face.

All the while her heart beat furiously. She had never seen a man before, except some occasional sea captain, grizzled and bowed, who rowed out to the lonely lighthouse, and the man who brought oil and provisions in the motor boat.

Mary ... kept the lighthouse ... Maida was born she had ... some alone, tending the light ... a worn and shriveled, hard-featured, taciturn old woman, who seldom spoke.

She had bought books and taught her daughter to read and write, for Maida had spoken of her desire to see the world outside, but the very suggestion aroused the mother's fury to such a degree that Maida had come at last to acquiesce in her lot as inevitable.

The sea captains she ... looked at her piteously, had been afraid of the grim old woman, whose loneliness had turned her brain. They ... Maida hurriedly, and always watched to avoid the old lighthouse keeper's anger.

The young man opened a pair of dazzlingly blue eyes on Maida.

"Am I dead and are you a fairy?" he whispered.

"No," answered Maida. "This is Inch Rock."

He groaned. "I remember," he muttered. "Let me see if I can stand."

She helped him to his feet and stood beside him, watching him anxiously. No bones were broken, but he was very weak, and the chopping sea made any thought of putting out impossible.

"If mother finds you she will kill me," said the girl.

"Why?" inquired the young man, regarding her curiously.

"She hates men. She never means me ... Maida, who don't know ... some place where I can ... opportunity comes for going away?" asked the young man.

"Yes," answered Maida. "The base of the tower. Yet I can carry there and I can bring you food. Mother never me to carry up oil from the storeroom. But you will go soon, won't you?"

"As soon as I can," answered the young man, groaning. "I think," he added, "something is broken in me or all—in my side. It feels as if a rib had gone."

Maida got him to the base of the tower and made him comfortable upon some sacking. The young man stretched himself out at ease. He told her how he had been on the bark that had gone ashore two miles away the night before. He had been the only survivor when the lifeboat swamped. He had clung to it until the waves washed him ashore off Inch Rock. Then he had remembered nothing.

Maida listened in fascination as he told her his story. He was the only son of a rich wine importer, an Englishman who had settled in the Canaries and married a Spanish lady. He, too, had been fired of his island. His father, reluctant to lose his only child, had at last ... him permission to sail on a vessel ... London, to which port he had ... invitation.

He spoke of his own island home in terms which aroused every dormant desire in the girl to travel. His own father had spent his youth in the United States, and, strangely enough, not far from the lighthouse—at Seabury, on the Maine coast.

"Maida! Maida! Where are you, child?"

Maida started in terror and ran up the lighthouse stairs as her mother summoned her.

"Where have you been, Maida?"

"On the shore, mother," faltered the girl, and she lowered her eyes, unable to meet her mother's piercing gaze.

"Are dreaming of sweethearts. I'll warrant me. All my words to you for nothing. Didn't I refuse a handsome young fellow, and rich, who loved me to distraction, because I had learned all men were villains?"

"Yes, mother."

"You'll stay with your old mother, Maida?" The voice was pleading now, and it was the first time Maida's mother had ever pleaded with her. The girl's eyes filled; she nodded and turned away.

But those stolen hours were the sweetest in which the girl had lived. They loved each other at sight, she and the young man in the basement of the lighthouse. They planned a thousand things. When he got well he was to confront

She Held Her Breath in Terror.

Maida's mother boldly, and demand Maida by natural right. If she refused, the two would go away together in the next sea captain's boat that touched at Inch Rock.

Maida listened with beating heart while he told her of his home in the Canaries, of his father, who would never reject the choice his son made of a bride, of the tropical trees and palms in that island paradise.

So three nights and days passed. The young man had recovered from his injury. And they ever planned the method of breaking the news to the crazed old woman above.

Maida feared her mother no longer. She seemed to have unfolded from girlhood to womanhood in those three days, and, as if sensible of it, her mother's demeanor toward her had insensibly attended.

On the fourth night a mild air and a brilliant moon tempted them from the ... Maida, who knew her mother ... would be seated, as she always sat, beside the light, thinking—of what Maida never knew. It was safe if they kept under the tower. They wandered on together, and on her lover's arm sought Maida's waist and both were silent, their lips met in a happy kiss. Insensible of the passage of time they wandered on.

Suddenly a slight noise startled and awakened them. Before them stood Maida's mother, frantic with rage and grief. She shook her fist at Maida and babbled incoherently.

"Come, mother," said the young man. "I own we played you unfair trick, but it wasn't my fault that I should have been washed ashore upon an island where the dearest girl in the world live—"

"Aye, you've stole her from me," sobbed the old woman. "But I'll hold her. I'll kill you both first. I'll burn the tower and you—"

"Now, mother, be sensible," pleaded the young man, laying his hand on her arm. "You haven't thought that Maida would grow up to womanhood and think that marriage is her right as love is. You haven't treated her cruelly."

"Rightly!" cried the old woman. "What right has a girl in the world today? Who is there to care for her except her mother? Listen to me, and I'll tell you something that not even Maida knows.

"You'll laugh and sneer when I tell you that in my day I was the belle of my native town, not many miles from here. Among my suitors there was just one I gave my heart to. He was handsome—Oh, yes, he was handsome. I was just a girl, and I didn't know that the young, quiet Englishman, whom I imagined at because he was afraid to look me in the face, was worth twenty of my false lover. I trusted him.

"He was coming back to marry me very soon, and so nobody need know. And I had faith in him—the faith a girl has. And I waited, and he never came. And the folks found out my shame, and where everybody sought me out company I was despised and outcast, and I had nobody, nobody at all to ask advice of before Maida was born. That's the sort of chance a girl has. And now you know, do you still want Maida, knowing what she is?"

Maida shrank back, hardly understanding the passion of bitter memory that lashed her mother, but the young man drew her to him.

"I do," he answered.

"I learned too late what false hearts men have," continued the mother. "There was just one that stood by me—the young Englishman who had loved me. He ... would ... He wanted to care for Maida. But I couldn't let him ... I came here. If there's another woman alive like him I might trust my girl with him, but to none other. And there could only be one Geoffrey Hale in the world."

The young man, who had listened attentively, started and then sprang forward.

"My father!" he cried. "You are Louise Troy. He has often spoken of you. Look at me, mother. Don't you see my father's face in ..."

Instinctively the old woman seized him by the shoulder and stared into his eyes. Suddenly a mask seemed to fall from her face.

"I have—lived for this day," she said solemnly. "He stood to ..."

He caught her as she stumbled forward. But he knew that having her day, she could rest peacefully till the night ended.

* * *

It Depends on the Position.

THERE was a rush of ... dust, and the car ... the old gen ... Way ... to ... Tour ... notebook and said:

"Did you notice the number, sir?"

"Yes," said the injured one. "It was number 6."

Just then another policeman, who had seen the accident ... hurrying up and said:

"No, sir! The number is 70. This gentleman was standing on ... when he noticed it!"

* * *

Lasting Effects.

THE premises were coming down and for the last few weeks of their existence were being used as an auction room by certain keen-looking beneficiaries of bankruptcy.

The auctioneer was endeavoring to ... of a stock of beautifully labeled ... and he grew quite eloquent as he described their virtues.

"In short, gentlemen," he wound up, "you have nothing to lose and everything to gain by buying. You can't get better."

"No, you can't get better," broke in a bystander. "I smoked one last week and I haven't recovered yet."

* * *

Slow to Learn.

THE American forces had been in camp a month near a crossroads village in France.

"But I can't have much to say to th in the village," said a soldier from Texas. "They seem like right nice folks, but slow about picking up things. They haven't learned yet to talk English."

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Concluding the Story of a Girl Who Dared for Her Country and the Man She Loved

HULLS OF STONE

By A. Lincoln Bender

Then, With a Crashing Swiftness, Two Figures Were Thrashing Against the Wall.

The First Half of Story

JOHNSTONE MARKEY, builder of concrete ships, meets with disappointment in trying to have his plans accepted in Washington. However, thru the efforts of Virginia Landis, his secretary and the woman he loves, he begins work on the ship himself. He is called in the draft and leaves for training just as [illegible] Virginia goes to Washington as attorney. As soon as Virginia gets to the shipyard trouble [illegible] Her superintendent, Bellows, gets into a fight with the men and some damage to the ship is done while the excitement is hottest. He suspects Zimmer, his assistant, of starting it. A day or two later Virginia is called to Washington, and while there gets Senator MacGibbons' promise to see [illegible] After the boss sock Bellows is serious: injured and she faces the fight alone.

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CHAPTER V.

SPIES?

FOR perhaps two hours the place was uproarious. Thru it all Virginia stayed close to the side of Bellows. For some reason, probably motherly instinct, she felt a responsibility for this man. Finally the physician from the mainland came and assumed charge. His report was unfavorable.

"Broken arm and shattered shoulder," he announced. "Complete rest for a month at least. I should advise sending him to his home."

It was then that Virginia's mind assimilated the weight of Bellows' accident. It dawned upon her with crushing force. She was compelled under these new circumstances to put Zimmer, a suspected German spy, in charge, or take entire charge of the work herself. It left her cold. She found herself trembling in every limb. For to take charge meant one thing, she must be always present on the job. For the brief space of a moment she rebelled against it. Her every fiber quivered with disgust at the association. It was not what she had bargained for. It meant long, tedious hours, and an environment that clearly was not for one of her bearing.

Her blood seethed in her veins with anger. She could see Zimmer walking around from group to group issuing his commands. No doubt it was his work, this unaccountable accident. She felt a deadly calm come over her. Her heart told her to stay, to beat this intangible menace that had come to them.

She saw to it that Bellows was removed. In vain the tall, taciturn man protested feebly against it. With panting breaths he urged that she should allow him to convalesce there, where he could give his orders from his bed. But she would have none of it. To her vast surprise, she found herself decidedly cool and collected. It seemed as tho some power had been given her to withstand anything that could happen.

When the launch got under way with its crippled burden, she called Zimmer into the room. The blond man evinced no astonishment as she told him that from that day on she would be in charge of the work. Rather, he nodded shortly, and said:

"I will be at your commands, Miss Landis. I will endeavor to lighten your duties as much as possible."

But Virginia gave no evidence that his stand had shaken her. She steeled herself to meet just such an emergency. Curtly she nodded that the interview was at an end. The well-built young fellow left.

It was fully an hour before she familiarized herself with all that had been done since her absence. Then she made arrangements to establish herself in the house. With a clear understanding of the chances she was taking by so doing, she noted that a couch stood at the other side of the room. At the same instant, she decided that it would suffice for her to sleep on. The lock on the door was broken. It must be mended. The window was a good ten feet from the ground. It would afford protection from prowlmen without ladders.

The little pistol in her pocket, which she carried always now, steadied her. Jumping nerves a bit. In a pinch, she could and would make use of it.

It was dark when she finished rearranging the room to suit herself. Bellows had organized his force very well. A cook who could cook homely but satisfying dishes was one of his boasts. To him Virginia gave order to report to her in the room. He was an Italian-American with a flowing mustache and a good-humored face. He bowed to her, and promised in broken English to "mak her someding good."

[illegible] darkness descended, and [illegible] of labor been suspended. [illegible] homesickness stole over her [illegible] lure of the oil lamp irritated [illegible]bly. From all [illegible] land came curi[illegible] The w[illegible] t the sand [illegible] while a [illegible] resounded shrilly over the [illegible]

Virginia shivered. What was [illegible] Had she lost her senses? [illegible] stay here alone? [illegible] would drive her ins[illegible] woman had ever before endeavored to [illegible] which she, on the spur of a patrio[illegible] moment, had promised herself to do.

With all her will power, she concentrated upon the big [illegible] But it was no use. The strang[illegible] of her position persisted in haunting her. She had done a foolish thing to deliberately take things in her own hands in this manner. Then she laughed a bit to herself. What other course could she have pursued?

If she left the building of this new [illegible] object in the hands of Zimmer, there was no doubt in her mind that it would never be finished. Had not Bellows given her much food for thought in his intimated suspicion of his assistant? And was it not her place to bring to a successful conclusion this work that Johnstone had planned?

She bit her lips, and considered the prints before her. Nearly two [illegible] weeks had slipped by, and they did not as yet commenced to mix the [illegible] It jarred her, that thought. [illegible] feel her back stiffen a bit, and her eyes flashed. Why was she thinking of her personal welfare? Johnstone was not thinking of his. He was willingly giving his whole attention to the duties imposed upon him. [illegible] why did she [illegible] travel such a trend? [illegible] fish, but decidedly unwomanly.

Virginia rose and pulled on the [illegible] cap that she had brought with her. [illegible] stepped thru the [illegible] darkened group [illegible] light show. The [illegible] had built [illegible] air. Mo[illegible] smoking.

Virginia passed by them. As she [illegible] they, as tho by some tacit agreement, lowered their voices, and one or two removed their caps. She bowed to them.

On the little dock, Virginia gazed into the darkness. The barge-load of cement had come in [illegible] close to the dock. The tug was anchored not more [illegible]

Behind [illegible] for wh[illegible] life. She sighed a [illegible] er the une[illegible] seemed to be no [illegible]

[illegible] huge sides, and [illegible] t. Her whole [illegible] was going to [illegible] its ultimate su[illegible] thought thrilled her.

[illegible]! A tiny atom in the scheme of the world was going to show them that a stone boat would spell victory for the world!

About her strange sounds came. The waves lapped sighingly. The [illegible] rustled thru the few trees and whined strangely. From the interior of the huge form came a sound as tho something had loosened and dropped. It reverberated hollowly. She found herself [illegible] Then, once again [illegible] or the brief space of an [illegible] itated, then with quick steps Virginia was on the running platform leading from a mixer to the top. She sped on her toes and gave no sound. It was black as pitch inside. She could see nothing as she leaned over the top and gazed in. Once again came the sound. Now it gave [illegible] impression that some one was [illegible] albeit heavily. [illegible] ge spike. Her [illegible] there was no stop to this [illegible] there was no way in which she could guard herself against the machinations of the spies that had already crippled her superintendent?

For a moment longer she hesitated. Then once again the sound came. Her [illegible] and her breast heaved with [illegible] excitement. Her fingers went [illegible] pocket of her coat and encountered the little pistol. With a gasp of [illegible] pulled it forth. She [illegible]

Her voice came, [illegible] wer, or [illegible]

[illegible] sounds of some one trying to [illegible] away. She raised the pistol toward the direction of the sound, and, gritting her teeth, the finger pressed the trigger. There was a little red flash, and then a dull ping as the little bullet sank into [illegible] rapid scampering, and then from the houses came [illegible] "For the mo[illegible] it her [illegible] n. She [illegible] with an effort, and re[illegible] own the shaky platform, [illegible] the ground a form stood [illegible] lantern in his hand. She [illegible]

[illegible] I heard some noises [illegible] nded up to investigate. [illegible] was [illegible] one in there, Zimmer. [illegible] fired at him [illegible] ext time I shall make [illegible] feel my l[illegible] every one to [illegible] land that I am dreadfully in earnest, and will brook no more fooling."

She noted with keen interest that the blond fellow was breathing hard. Also, in the bright rays of the lantern, she saw that his trousers were spotted here and there with splinters, and evidences

that he had been rubbing against something foreign.

Her breath came quickly, and she looked at him. But nothing was in the calm eyes. He returned her gaze without wavering. Again Virginia had an uncomfortable feeling that for some reason she was in a desperate position. Not for the present, perhaps, but she could feel the tension in the air. Zimmer lowered the lantern.

"I will make an investigation, Miss Landis," said he. Then in a lower tone: "If I were you I would not wander around unaccompanied in the dark. Protect yourself."

She pulled herself up stiffly and said in a curt tone: "Thank you, I can take care of myself." Again she was conscious that the calm eyes were smiling at her and it grated upon her overwrought nerves.

"However, allow me to see you to the house," went on the mysterious fellow, without changing his voice. She suffered him to lead her to the house. He bowed as she went thru the door. Then, for the second time of the evening, she fell back startled. The blue-prints were gone from the desk! Wildly she sprang to the table. There was no doubt of it. They had disappeared. Her head whirled. Virginia felt the floor spin about under her. For a long minute she clutched at her breast as her breath came in quick intakes. The plans were gone! She remembered Zimmer's appearance and his apparent breathlessness. German spy! No doubt he had stolen them, and passed them in one of his benchmen. No doubt by this time they had been taken aboard some submarine and were now on their way to Germany. Virginia's head ached. Her head throbbed. She supported herself against the wall. She knew that Zimmer had left the room directly after the "cure," the hull of stone would be a reality. Her lips moved in silent prayer. She, the humanitarian, had revealed every detail of the secret!

Close to the huge ungainly structure Zimmer was standing, watching the men as they worked. Virginia noted his every movement. He seemed to breathe satisfaction. Virginia felt a little quiver of fear steal over her as she looked upon him. It was just such men as him of whom she must be afraid. He was absolutely fearless, as far as bloodshed was a fish. Yet, there was something attractive about him. He was young—not over thirty-five. Virginia felt quick, as he swept off his cap, and raised his eyes.

"We are starting, Miss Landis," he said quietly. "If this weather holds out we will make up for lost time."

There was a slight, cold nod. He seemed not to note the coolness.

"So I see, Zimmer," replied Virginia. "But——"

He looked up quickly.

Virginia knew that the words were coming and that she had no control herself. Before her, smilingly confident in his nefarious work, was the man who was trying to ruin her father.

"Zimmer," she hurried on, "last night, you remember—well, this morning I picked up the blue-prints and found [illegible] in which some one had placed a time-bomb that would wreck our ship in the harbor. I wondered what happened to he Zimmer, what do you know about it?"

The clear blue eyes never wavered. Rather there came into them a little light of joy. He found that too—last night, Miss Landis. I have made arrangements to rebuild it."

The tone was that of a man who was speaking of an everyday occurrence. Virginia paled. Was there no way to face this man with the actual damning evidence of his dastardly deeds?

"You found it?" she queried, her throat tightening.

"Yes. And I am going to fix it. I——" The blond head looked quickly away. "Thank you for telling me, Miss Landis. It proves I am striking for one who will not overlook anything."

He walked swiftly toward the gang of men. There was a handsome to his step. For an instant Virginia hesitated. What should she do? Zimmer admitted that he knew of the plan to wreck the hull. He knew—she dug her toe into the soft earth.

What did he not know? Was it right to discharge him now, just as she needed him most, or wait until she was positive that everything was going along all right?

Then she hurried to the little office. Her mind was made up. There was one thing to do. Go to New York and secure the services of some one on whom she could depend to watch this man. That was the logical plan to follow.

Virginia picked up the blue-prints and held them before her. There was no need to put them away now. If Zimmer was the man, he had had plenty of time to make copies. She smiled a bit. That would play a big game. She threw up the window and stood framed in it. Close by was the figure of Zimmer. She motioned him. He came, and as he drew near, she noted that it was the fellow who had applied for a position. He saluted at her.

"Tell Mr. Zimmer I want to see him," ordered Virginia.

As she turned toward the table the phone bell sounded. Virginia frowned a bit. She lifted the receiver and accnowledged the signal.

"Yes, this is Miss Landis. What? Sergeant Markey will be at the Touraine tonight, and would like me to meet him there? Who are you, sir?..... The Y. M. C. A. secretary? Oh, thank you..... Yes, I realize that Mr. Markey could not telephone personally at this hour. Tell him that I will be there.....Yes, I have it..... The Touraine at eight-thirty. Good-by."

As she hung up the receiver the door opened and Zimmer came in. There was nothing in his appearance that suggested that he had overheard any portion of the conversation. In Virginia's heart longing was burning. She would see Johnstone. Then she could talk matters over and be guided by his wise counsel. She looked quickly. A momentary steeling of her nerves steadied her. For some unknown reason she dreaded the proximity of this man. He bowed to her, and stood silently awaiting her pleasure. Virginia drummed on the table.

"Zimmer," she said finally, "I am going back to the city this afternoon, and leave the management of the business flashed to her mind—"I will return in the morning. Meantime you of course will proceed as rapidly as possible."

The clear blue eyes never looked away from her. They seemed to divine her every thought.

"I'll leave everything in your hands, finished Virginia, swiftly. I shall expect everything done as you do it in this great work. You understand?"

This time her gray orbs bored deeply to his. A momentary flush came to his cheeks. Again he bowed.

I shall work them overtime from now on," he said, his voice full in a full tone. There flashed to her mind the scene of the flaming acetylene lights in the black night. She caught her breath. Then she nodded and turned away. Her eyes fell to the blue-prints, and she examined them again.

"Here, take them, you can guard them for me."

Zimmer did not [illegible] accepted the valuable pa[illegible] It features did not change. The only sign he gave was a brief flicker of the eyelids. For the instant, Virginia Landis played herself for her hasty action. What if she had given them to Zimmer? Zimmer was walking slowly to the door. Suddenly he wheeled, and with quick jumps was close to the desk. Virginia fell back, but in the swift action. For a brief instant he looked out, then he turned with a satisfied smile lurking in the corners of his mouth.

"Excuse me, Miss Landis. I thought I heard something go wrong with the machinery. You are accustomed to foreign sounds in these time.

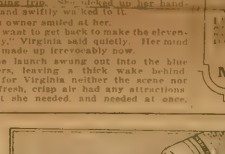
Around the corner of the house skulked a form. There was no mistaking the heavy features. A moment later the man was in the gang of laborers, lost amidst their numbers.

Virginia's head was whirling. Clearly she must have action, and aid. There was but one way to obtain it. Out at the wharf the little launch was riding, on its morning trip. She picked up her hand-bag and swiftly left it.

Its owner smiled at her.

"I want to get back to make the eleven-thirty," Virginia said quietly. Her mind was made up irrevocably now.

The launch swung out into the blue waters, leaving a thick wake behind. But for Virginia neither the scene nor the fresh, crisp air had any attractions. What she needed, and needed at once,



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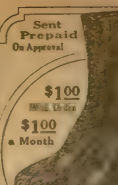

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[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

was some one on whom she could count in this time of her need.

The trip to the city was made uneventfully. The accumulated mail at the office was disposed of quickly. In her attention to it Virginia did not note the passing of the time. She had picked up a quick lunch before she came in. Now, as she plunged into the mass of work, she suddenly remembered that she must eat. Virginia picked up the receiver and got her connection. A matter of five minutes passed, and the whole thing was fixed. Three men would leave at once to patrol the inland. A feeling of security came over her. She had acted for the best interests of Johnstone. The thought of him brought with it the realization that she was to meet him in three hours. She closed her desk and snapped off the light.

It was close to eight-thirty when she entered the lobby of the unpretentious hotel in the Thirties. It was just such a hotel as Johnstone would choose, she thought to herself. But, the clerk moved rapidly around, she did not perceive the olive drab of the Army uniform.

She went to the desk and listened to her deferentially. From behind a cluster of palms a figure rose and stood, back to her, but close by.

"Mr. Markey? Yes, miss. He left word that any one calling should be taken immediately to his suite. Boy—" turning to one of the uniformed men idling nearby, who came forward. "Take this lady up to Seventy-one."

The figure close by moved slowly away. He maneuvered so that the slouch hat completely hid his features. Virginia followed the boy into the elevator. As they ascended, the figure disembarked, and he led his way along a dowly lit corridor. Before the door of the room at the extreme end of the hotel he halted.

"This is it, Madame," he said, walking rapidly away.

For a moment Virginia hesitated. Was this right for her to do? Should she enter a room

Her knuckles rapped quietly on the door. The portal was slowly opened and the bright light flashed in her eyes. A moment later she walked in. Then, as the door slammed, she thought she heard a key click. She stepped back quickly, her instinct now thoroly aroused. But a voice behind her arrested her movement.

"Not just yet, Miss Landis," it said.

A sudden fear came to her heart. She was not in the presence of Johnstone! There was something wrong here! She turned. Before her stood a well-put man. His eyes were on her, and closely together. His clothing was of

"I must have made a mistake," she [illegible] clear voice. "Please allow me to go."

The man smiled. The action in itself was clear cast voice, for it contained a hint of impending danger.

"Oh no, Miss Landis, you have made no mistake," the man said, walking slowly toward her.

Virginia felt her blood run cold. Into the eyes looking at her came a baneful light. The man allowed a grin to come to his features.

"Yes, this time you haven't," he continued. "You are at the right place!"

Virginia backed slowly from him. She felt in her pocket, and realized that she had not taken along the little pistol

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded

He bowed, and waved. "Won't you come into the next room, where we can talk this over?" he asked with elaborate politeness.

Evidently she had fallen into some plot. Instantly to her mind flashed the phone message Zimmer! How hateful the name sounded to her! That was it! Otherwise, how could they have found her whereabouts!

"This is good enough for me," Virginia Landis said hurriedly. "What can you want with me? What—"

The man raised his hands deprecatingly.

"With you, Miss [illegible] thing." H[illegible] tremb[illegible] moving spiri[illegible] Landis, ever[illegible]

Her body [illegible] knew [illegible] she [illegible] plan to get rid of her so [illegible] go on with his dastardly work, condemn the hull of stone [illegible] ceived its test.

Her fingers clinched, an her br[illegible] came rapidly. She drew her[illegible] was in a tight place. The door behind her was locked. She sensed that The nature of the man with whom she was fighting would not overlook a thing like a locked door. Her mind worked rapid-

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ly. If she could get near the house phone she could summon assistance from that.

Virginia bowed. "I will listen to you—Maude," she said in a low tone.

He smiled. It was a smile of victory won. The man motioned her forward.

She walked into the next room. In the center was a table. Around it were four or more chairs. The man motioned her to one. He was still smiling in a smirking manner.

"Now, Miss Landis," he said. "It will all be very simple. You will simply disappear for a short time—or, how would fifty thousand dollars sound to you? To give up this plan for a year?"

Virginia caught her breath. Now it was out! Some great organization was behind this. Undoubtedly the German spy system, at whose command were millions of dollars and a million men and women. She trembled at the insult. Her blood boiled. Before her eyes danced the figure of Johnstone, who had given up everything for the successful consummation of this plan. And she had taken over. Her lips were dry. Her breast heaved with suppressed emotion. She took deep breaths. Upon his face was a look of rage. His lips curled in a snarl.

Blindly Virginia hurled on. She raised her fists, and swung them toward the man. He caught one wrist cruelly, and bent it back. A look of pain came to her face, and he gave vent to a quivering animal-like snarl.

"You she-devil," he hissed. "You think you are going to bring the house down about our heads, eh? Well, I'll show you!"

His free hand clutched her under the arm cruelly. The pressure pained and almost crushed the muscle.

"Brute!" she cried tremulously. "Where is your patriotism?"

Before her burning eyeballs flashed a quick panorama of the advent of something unlooked for. A body hurtled from out of nowhere, it seemed, and there was a sharp impact. As suddenly as she had been assailed, she found herself free. She saw the prone body and the figures were thrashing against the wall. There was a grunt from one, and he slouched to the floor. Almost immediately reached up, and

her wrist.

[illegible] came a whisper, and she found herself dragged forcefully into the darkness. A moment later she was in the corridor. Her unknown benefactor gently urged her forward with a quick command:

"Go. Don't stay in New York."

He was gone. She hesitated and she was alone in the corridor. Virginia was trembling in every limb. What meant all this? The ensuing mockery rang in her ears. Where had she heard the voice of her rescuer before? She stumbled down the long hallway. Ahead the light glowed, she pulled herself together. Her nerves were all a-jumble, but outwardly she had maintained her calmness, as she got into the lift.

CHAPTER VII.

VIRGINIA'S SUCCESS

AS VIRGINIA LANDIS reached the street, the strange words of her unknown benefactor rang [illegible] "Go. Don't stay in New York."

[illegible] command pre[illegible] the could [illegible] conjecture she hurried along. There was no shred of doubt [illegible] g in her mind n[illegible] vious enemy to the [illegible] ing and consummation [illegible] of stone was working in every manner

[illegible] sincere vow that [illegible] Too, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] man who had [illegible] known to her. She could not place [illegible]

Instantly Virginia surmised that she must not return to h[illegible] doubtedly those who were [illegible] her would even [illegible] her movements. Some of the knew enough of her movements to send [illegible] accurately they would know when she returned to her rooms.

With that thought, she swerved quickly, and [illegible] plans.

[illegible] well-known hotels till morning.

Her limbs were weary; her brain was tired. Virginia slept quietly.

Very early next morning she was speeding toward Lark Island. She knew that now it was the only haven she had. Even there she would have to use eternal vigilance. A new light burned in her eyes. She could feel a new strength come to her. All her courage and fortitude swelled back to her heart.

There seemed to be no hint of the impending danger that hung over the plant, as the launch drew up to the dock. One and all, the men were laboring in a steady stream. The barrows were being pushed in an unending succession up the little platforms. The crunch-crunch of the mixing machines was like music to her ears. Everything spelled progress. Already in her mind's eye Virginia could see the finished hull of stone as it lay in the bosom of the ground. She could picture the enthusiastic praise being showered on Johnstone for his faith in his plan, and a delicious happiness surged over her. His whole future depended upon her now. Not only his future—but—Virginia Landis blushed as the thought was born. She knew it. She wondered vaguely if it had come to Johnstone as well.

She was not in the office more than half an hour when a hardy, steely-eyed man appeared. He did not say much. When he had finished, Virginia smiled. It was with a sense of relief. The man said:

"Myself and two others are working with the canal. No one knows us. You can rely on it that we will not only prevent more mischief, but will find out who is at the bottom of it." He turned and was gone.

She watched him mingle with the mixing machines, and disappeared into her lips. Everything that could be done to anticipate further depredations had been done by her. A silent pray from her lips

All the day long the crashing clang of machinery was music to her ears. Twice she saw Zimmer halt the men, and move the mixers to correspond with the exact location of the hull. In the afternoon Virginia Landis climbed to the top of the ungainly looking object and surveyed the work. Already the prow and half of each side of the hull had been filled with the gravish mixture. A thrill of exultation Zimmer came at her side She noted that his face was discolored in two spots

For the moment Virginia felt fiercely glad that some accidental hurt had come to this spy who was bending every effort toward her. Then as he spoke she frowned a bit.

"With the men working like this, Miss Landis, I think we will be done in a week," Zimmer gazed at him calmly. "Then what?" she asked.

Zimmer looked away from her, and across the South toward the peninsula. It was [illegible] It cast the waters into molten gold. The sight inspired her with its beauty. Unconsciously she worded Zimmer's question.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" asked he with a voice vibrating with [illegible] joy. Then as quickly, he dropped his manner. "Then, Miss Landis, I was wondering whether or not you cared for erecting another form. We could then work the two in rapid succession and take but a minimum of time."

Virginia allowed a ghost of a smile to come to her lips. She saw thru the ingenious statement all that had been illuminated in electric lights. Now that she had discovered Zimmer in his nefarious work and plans, he was asking her to continue in the construction of another, so that he might try again to destroy it. She looked at him and inwardly at the cool insinuations of the man. He was indeed the criterion as a spy. He was an unfathomable [illegible] If he did not succeed today, he offered to stay until tomorrow. The girl felt a sudden lightening of her [illegible] despised filled her soul. She despised this man with the baby-like cheeks more than she despised a sn[illegible]

Her voice was cold when she replied "Perhaps we might, Zimmer," said she, "but I realize [illegible] when you have finished superintending this job you will be at liberty to seek employment elsewhere."

Virginia was sorry the moment the words left her lips. Too, she realized that she was playing cards before game had really opened. Unwittingly she had told Zimmer that she intended letting him out. Even if that, there would be no doubt that he would try [illegible] thing to hold up work. He [illegible] d it with two [illegible] realized her m[illegible] her open to greater danger.

[illegible] never had met Zimmer. Now he [illegible] clear blue eyes to her. [illegible] was surprise in them. It was sincere astonishment. Instantly Zimmer [illegible] cided. They wavered for a moment, then a little smile broke to the lips. It [illegible] cruel smile [illegible] mocking- [illegible] do immedi[illegible] respon- [illegible] could feel her limbs tremble. [illegible] Such [illegible] la[illegible] man had started to fight to the death. It made her draw [illegible] with an involuntary little exclamation.

Zimmer ra[illegible] head. The look in the blue e[illegible] was inscrutable now. [illegible] "Miss Landis," he said in a [illegible]

[illegible] turned and walked slowly down the gang-plank. She watched his broad figure with a feeling akin to fear. What had made her speak in just such a manner? She mentally flayed herself as she watched Zimmer disappear around the

(Continued on Page 26)

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LEATHER WALLET SIZE

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[illegible] Suits Direct to the Wearer

[illegible] Suits Direct to the Wearer

The Wages of Sin

Continued From Page 6

in a secret drawer, he found that which he sought. This done, he left the room again. He found Tom lying in a torpor on his bed when he re-entered the bedroom and aroused him.

"Come on, Tom," he said, "get up; you're going home with me. This is no place for you."

But Tom shook his head. "No use," he said. "I'm going to die anyway. Why go away?"

Gorse, however, paid no attention to him, but was busy in the closet, bringing clothes for the invalid to put on, brushing away from this long enough to run downstairs and order a taxi over the telephone. Finally, when the car arrived, Gorse wrapped Tom in a heavy tweed overcoat, put a cap on his head and half carried him downstairs.

Tom was taken immediately to Gorse's apartment, where he was soon asleep. Not until a few days later, when he woke up and found himself in a strange room with a strange doctor bending over him, did he remember what had happened. He was weak—very weakened and the doctor cautioned him against exciting himself. For the fight was on to save his life and bring him back over the path to perfect health.

Several days passed. In the meantime, Gorse was busy completing the evidence for the case which he was pending against Gaulin. What surprised him most in the chain of unusual circumstances was that Mrs. Harvey had made no effort either to see Tom or to regain possession of him. She was content to wait—to all appearances—very calmly and with little success Gaulin met their looks with hatred and their questions with disdain. Even the third degree did not wring a confession from him.

His was the defiance of despair. Efforts on the part of his attorneys to have him set at liberty on bail had been brought to New York State without a requisition of the Governor, failed. And in spite of the many charges which were being spent to secure his freedom, he was still in jail, facing a charge of murder in the first degree.

On the day of the trial the courtroom was thrown open at an early hour. As a result, a motley crowd, composed of slain-clothes men, derelicts and curiosity seekers, soon filled every inch of space in front of the judge's bench, ready for the sensational events to unfold before their scattered among the crowd.

Simmons was the first to be called to the witness stand. The old bookkeeper, whiter and more nervous than hitherto, took his seat, and the rapid fire of questions began. The lawyers asked the incriminating like tones that were brought out to relief by the quivering voice of the old man. Hardly had he begun to testify when there was a stir in the courtroom. A woman, regal and imperious in manner, one newspaper said in the morning, took a seat immediately in front of the stand, but three or four tiers of seats back, and directed her gaze at the witness' face. He evidently tried to avoid her eyes; and during the cross-examination determinedly kept his head fastened on the attorney who was questioning him.

Gorse watched her as she moved her hands nervously during Simmons' testimony. Not only was he aware of her presence, but also that of many of New York's worst crooks. Yet he was unafraid. In the crowd he saw the faces of the harkeeper and Gaulin's lawyer, the lookout who had unwittingly helped him to capture Henri. But the woman's face was the one he studied most closely. Once she coughed, as Simmons' evidence showed signs of weakening.

It seemed almost as if the defense recognized it as a sign to quit the cross-questioning, and Simmons was released temporarily from further testimony. Hardly had he left the stand and tottered out to the judge's chambers, overcome by exertion and the web of evidence which was enmeshing him in its toils, when Tom Harvey, pale and still weak from the long illness which had seized him some months before, took the chair which the old man had vacated.

Tom was asked to give a general story of his whole life from his earliest recollection. But he never remembered his father. His mother had told him his father had died while he was an infant. He told of his childhood, when every want was supplied; the position procured by his mother's influence in the office of Stephen Close, and then down to the Monday morning when Howard had been found dead and he had been the first to reach his side and secure the scrap of paper in the dead man's grasp; his removal of it from the prying eyes of the police and its final disappearance.

The lawyer was insistent on this point and Tom went into detail—telling of removing the scrap from his wallet while he sat at home, of the entrance of his mother and her intense excitement when she found out what it was, and his subsequent sickness.

Again asked about his parentage, Tom flushed and refused to answer. He then was asked if he had learned anything new in regard to his parentage. He compelled to answer. Tom said he recently had been told that he had been born out of wedlock, his informant wanting him to pose as the dead man's son and claim his fortune.

The grilling he received from counsel of both sides was too much for him and his doctor demanded it cease and he be given a respite. He was then dismissed subject to recall.

As he arose to leave the stand the lawyer called to him. "One more question, Mr. Harvey. What was your mother's maiden name?"

Tom hesitated, then answered: "Really, I do not think I ever heard. I know sometimes Simmons calls her Julia."

The rage of evidence grew more intricate. When Simmons was recalled to the chair, there was an ominous shuffling in the courtroom and several characters started for the door. They, however, were driven back into their seats and succumbed in terror. Simmons, after a half-hour's respite, looked even more worn and faded than he had been. He answered the prosecutor in faltering tones, and when he had finished there was another—a final—implicating Gaulin in the crime. His life had been devoted to her service, but now that it was near an end, she spurned him. With his thoughts flowing back over a period of twenty years, he related the secret history of the woman who was responsible for Howard's death. When he finished his head sank on his breast. They tried to rouse him, but it was in vain. The old bookkeeper, who had given his all, his honor, to the woman he loved, was gathered to his fathers.

Still motive held sway.

"Julia Swayne, Julia Swayne," the name rang out.

There was no answer. Not a move was made by any one to answer the summons. It left the impression behind that the stately woman spoke to her in a low tone, which caused her to turn upon them a haughty stare. Nevertheless this made little difference. In a second they were escorting her to the witness stand, and before she had finished what was a mere formality she found herself facing the State's attorney.

She flashed a look of outraged dignity and pride at that gentleman, and he [illegible] her arms, sprang up hastily, grip on her arms, sprang up hastily, There was a hush in the crowd; but it came to nothing. The blacksmiths felt themselves hopelessly outclassed. With a gesture of disgust, the woman sank into her seat.

"The case will proceed," said the judge evenly.

At that moment Gorse placed all the papers he had in Howard's safe on the lawyer's desk, and on the prosecuting attorney's desk, and stepped back among the spectators who thronged the entrance to the room. As he turned once more to face the court, a shrill laugh rang out, and simultaneously Julia Swayne hurled herself forward and fell heavily to the floor as a bullet sped thru his shoulder. A half dozen hands reached for the woman, as she lay there looked mockingly at the fallen figure of the man who had pursued her. Then she arose and slowly stepped toward the judge, still holding the revolver in her hand. Then, turning to the crowd, she let it drop. It fell on the floor with a dull thud and the crowd started to its feet.

"Men, you who are men, come to my rescue," she cried. "Strike them down, even if you die for it, or it will be worse for you."

There was a disorganized movement in the courtroom to carry her order into effect, but before it could be accomplished the policemen and detectives among the crowd, drew their guns and the hubbub soon subsided. And while things were in this turmoil, Julia Swayne opened her handbag and took out a small silver case, from which she removed a tiny handkerchief with which she held daintily to her nostrils. Breathing it as the its inhalation revived her, she sank to the floor. Then, unnoticed by several of the men who had created the disturbance started for the street, manned on each side by officers, who had been detailed to watch for just such an emergency as this.

The latter brought Tom Harvey into the courtroom from the judge's chambers, where he had been resting. He saw both the prisoner and the woman lying dead on the floor. He bent over the form of Julia Swayne and saw that life was gone. Then he looked up and, arrested for a moment on Gorse's face, and as he gazed on his friend he saw the muscles of the face twitch.

"What is it, John?" he asked, bending over. "What has happened, to you, to my mother? Why did she have that same sweet odor on her breath that I caught on Mr. Howard's lips when I found him dead that morning?" The poor fellow was at a loss for an adequate explanation.

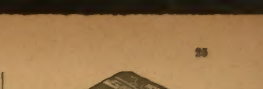
Gorse gathered his strength and answered him. "Don't you understand?" he asked. "The woman you called mother was not your mother at all. You are Bally Howard's son, and the heir to his millions. She was your nurse and she kidnaped you when you were an infant. She kept you on the money she extorted from Howard. When she committed suicide she proved it beyond a doubt, even if the papers I found in her house were not damnging enough." Gorse smiled grimly at that other fallen figure, and, with Tom's aid, struggled to his feet. "It's only a flesh wound," he assured his friend. "Nothing at all; it will heal in no time."

When the excitement had died down, the judge ordered the court cleared and the case proceeded. Gaulin was the one on trial, but the sudden and unexpected suicide had cleared him of the murder of Bally Howard. Nevertheless, he knew that he could not escape the toils of justice, and now that he had back to his cell he realized for the first time what would happen to him.

Less than a week later he was speeding on his way to Canada to answer a charge of murder in the court convened at Grimes Center. It was a desperate task. Facing him sat Gorse and Tom Howard, once known as Tom Harvey, and at his side was Stevy, who had had a little chance for escape, yet he watched and waited like an animal at bay. Once, when Stevy's hands walked away for a moment, and Howard and Gorse were busily engaged in conversation, he surreptitiously took a white packet from his coat pocket and quickly put its contents into a glass of water without being observed. This he drank, and before either of the other men knew what he was about he had given a wry face of Julia Swayne, mother of Bally Howard.

All too late, Gorse put out a detaining hand and tried to divert the glass out of his hand, but the draught was already down.

The three men made their solitary way to Grimes Center without the criminal. Once there, they walked thru the woods to Big Steve's cabin, to spend a week in fishing before going back to New York. On the way they passed Gorse's cabin, where Gaulin had murdered Henri. They looked in thru the window, but all was quiet. Five miles further on they came upon Brook Shack. Running out Injun on the doorstep wagging his tail in welcome. The Indians had cured the dog's wounds with their herbs and he had gone home to await his master's return. Stevy made much of the dog, and when he went home Injun went with him. They became inseparable companions, and Tom Howard never tired of telling the story of Injun's heroism in the north woods.



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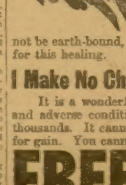

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FREE

HULLS OF STONE

(Continued From Page 24.)

prow of the great hulk. Then her breast heaved from the suppressed emotion. With quick steps she was at the office. Hot tears came to her eyes. She was making a mess of the whole thing! For perhaps ten minutes her figure shook With a storm of sobs. Then she secured control of herself and straightened up. Now that she had gotten into it, she would not give up. Why, then, the reason for her to funk out in this manner, the darkness drew closer. She found herself inconceivably weary.

Long into the night Virginia thought. It was only when her eyes refused to stay open that she threw herself to the little couch and gained a refreshing sleep. The next morning Zimmer reported to her as the nothing had happened. Not by word or action did he refer to her statements of the evening before. But his calm was ominous. It held a dreadful foreboding to Virginia. The she tried to draw the man out by her manner, he baffled her every effort.

Three days passed, and three nights. Zimmer pressed his men unceasingly. Virginia marveled at his resourcefulness. He seemed to be omnipresent. One moment she could see him down at the stern of the bulky form, issuing the men with quiet insistent orders; the next, he could be seen at the other side of the work, his assistants at his back, sharply growling hoarse commands there.

On the fourth all there was a certain repression about him. He stood for minutes gazing at the spot where Virginia had discovered the recess in the hull. And it was then that Virginia Landis felt her flesh quiver. There was not a bit of doubt in her mind that the little brain was concocting further dastardly scheme with which to ruin the effectiveness of the hulk of stone.

It was late in the afternoon two days thereafter, when Zimmer came to her room. His tanned face wore a smile, and his eyes danced.

"We are finished, Miss Landis," he said with a little catch of jubilation in the tone. "Fully a week sooner than we expected. Now all that is left is the 'curing.' One of the men can go—unless you have decided to go ahead on the erection of another ship."

Virginia regarded the man. Just at the moment he seemed the most enthusiastic builder in the world. That such a man could stoop to the plots already raised against them, Virginia could hardly believe. Yet, the evidence, the actual facts, was there. She rose and stood before him.

"Thank you, Zimmer," she replied. "But you may order the men to the Schenectady Job. I will issue an order to the office in New York for me to have transportation for them. You"—her eyes held his steadily—"you will remain here for a week more—at least."

He bowed, and nodded. "I will keep thirty men to strip the forms off," he said. "We can start on the prow in ten days now."

"Yes, I know. Meantime, make arrangements to clear the land immediately adjoining."

Zimmer smiled. It stiffened Virginia.

"Not for any quick action," she hastily said. "But, in case Mr. Markey wants to proceed with the erection of another ship, we will be ready."

He went out.

There was an imperceptible swagger in his walk that nerved Virginia Landis. Instinctively she felt that again she had lost ground to this man. If only she could place one particular crime at his door!

Then as a week passed, and word came from the camp that Johnstone was deeply engrossed in the drilling of the School, Virginia realized that her great task was before her. Now that the great hull of stone was almost ready to be launched, she must use her best offices to induce Senator MacGibbons and the board to be present on the momentous day. Already some of the forms had been stripped and the plasterer had smoothed off the rough surface of the hull of stone. Virginia touched it reverently. The prow reared itself proudly.

He was hired by Senator MacGibbons, asking him to come to see her handiwork. To this end, she hired the little launch. Several days of delay ensued. In that time Virginia felt more than ever that her decision to discharge Zimmer was the best move she had made. It obviated any further worry from that end. With all the handicaps that had been placed in her way, Virginia felt that she had made wonderful headway, and not without righteousness.

It was dark. The launch was secured by a bank of heavy clouds. Virginia was seated at the little desk when upon the night air came the quick report of two shots. She rose startled. Her eyes widened, and Virginia ran to the door. Shouting came from the direction of the hull. Virginia hurried toward it. As she came close two figures darted out of the darkness, and rushed wildly into the expanse. Virginia recognised neither. But she sensed that something out of the ordinary had occurred. Her fingers crept to the little pistol, and it steeled her. The man in front leaped away. Suddenly the one chasing raised his arm, and a pistol shot sounded. Virginia waited to hear no more.

She picked up her skirt and ran swiftly toward the man. Another had come. He plunged into her protector, and together they rolled to the ground. Then, out of the darkness, another plunged. He swung his arm toward the fugitive. There was an impact, and he went to the ground. They were close to the water now. The man in the lead gained. Virginia swept past the rising man. He stumbled to his feet and staggered.

With a little gasp she recognized Zimmer. The man had reached the water. There was a sharp chugging, and a motor-boat moved away from the shore. As Virginia hesitated a moment, there was a quick leap, a yell, and in the dim light, she saw a figure leave the shore, crash onto the motor-boat, quiver on its side, then fall into it.

Virginia Landis was aroused. With a sharp command, she was at her boat. "Follow them," she cried. "Quick."

It seemed to her that the engine would never get going. Finally it wheezed, and coughed into action, and the little launch was moving out. Before them she could hear the put-put of the other boat.

The spirit of the chase was in her. This was the time when all of Virginia's pluck. Her fingers gripped the little pistol. The moon swung free of the shadow-like clouds, and in the distance of the Sound she could see the other motor-boat as it made its way across the expanse of water.

"More speed!" she cried desperately. The man nodded, and the little boat spun on. Virginia felt the cool night air fanning assured herself. On the other boat no sounds of action were audible. She wondered regarding this fact.

Finally she was drawing closer. The other boat put in to the landing, and a figure sprang from it. Virginia saw two. The one swayed. He seemed in distress. He raised his arm and warded off a blow, then followed the other. It was a familiar man. In the light, dull and flickery from the reflection on the water, Virginia could recognize Johnstone.

Her boat swept close. Already the two men were tearing along the little landing and toward the station. Virginia hurried her steps. She went to the dock and leaped. Steadying herself, the girl followed, her relaxed curiosity and even the the chase had been lost, hardly a word or yell had sounded.

Before her was darkness. The little station itself was deserted. She moved forward slowly, fearing some plot. Then, as she walked slowly toward it, her heart leaped. There was a scuffling, and the sounds of heavy breathing and killing blows. A chair overturned and rattled to the floor. She darted around the house and to the door. It was wide open. Just as she came in a figure slumped to the ground and lay still. Virginia turned the 'phone. A man wheezed a number and held himself close to the wall. Finally it came.

"Hello, Senator MacGibbons—this is Zimmer—come at——"

The man on the floor rose. Virginia gave fascinated. He crept swiftly toward Zimmer and his hand raised. In it was a club. There was a scream of warning from the girl, just as the chair swung thru the air. Zimmer turned. His voice rang out clear.

"Get the man—don't——"

The weapon crashed to his head. He sank to the floor without a word. Instantly Virginia's pistol was in her hand. She turned and faced her. She noted that it was the workman she had hired and sent to Hurlburt. He was standing, still killing. She raised her hand and aimed steadily.

"You hell-cat!" grated the man, coming forward menacingly. "Ye can't get me! I'll kill ye!"

She could see murder in his eyes. Her arm did not waver. There was a little report and a scream as from a wounded tiger. The man fell back and held his arm.

"Don't move!" cried Virginia Landis. "Don't move, or this time I will shoot—to kill!"

He retreated again, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. Virginia thought rapidly. This was the man she knew as she was after, of that there could be no doubt. From the direction of the door came the sounds of movement.

"Jim," called Virginia to the owner of the launch, "come here." The man approached, his eyes wide. "Bind that fellow," she directed. The wounded man made no move. He suffered himself to be seized roughly by Jim, and a little later he was securely tied. Then Virginia walked slowly to Zimmer. The man had not moved from the planks. She touched him with mingled feelings. His head was lacerated unbelievably. Her intuition overwhelmed her. She raised his head and directed Jim to procure water. Five minutes later they carried Zimmer to the launch. He had not regained consciousness.

She watched him with unwavering eyes. They were half way across the expanse, going slowly. The man whom she had hired gazed stupidly at her. He did not offer to make any word of explanation.

In her room Virginia gave way to deep deliberation. Her thoughts ranged since the time when Markey returned. The many happenings were reviewed singly by her. What did this last escapade mean? What did it presage? If any one knew, it was the man who had been so bent on injuring Zimmer. Virginia rose. With quick steps she walked to the room. He was lying on the bed fully clothed. His face was puckered into a smirl as she came in.

With a feeling of repugnance she went thru the man's pockets. There was nothing of interest in them—except on the back of a dirty envelope she noted four figures. They were followed by a single word. "Murray mill." She caught her breath. Her brain worked rapidly.

"Who do you know at this telephone number?" she asked sharply. The man looked up at her with a leer.

"Don't you wisht ye knew!" he growled.

Virginia flushed. Then she turned and walked rapidly downstairs. A moment later she had the operator on the wire. And when she learned the subscriber at the number she gasped. It was the Trask mill. Her brain was feverish from the information. The Tourraine! The fight in the room, and the fact that Virginia was entirely to herself. That was it! She was at last on the winning side! And all thru her own efforts! That did it more than all.

It must have been close to midnight. Already over three hours had passed since the scene in the hotel room. She looked up slowly. A sense of danger overcame her—danger of the unknown. She heard a little rustling. Virginia rose and walked briskly about the room. What was it? Who was behind these plans to overcome them. And as she thought, she recalled the review of the meeting Johnstone had held. Indelible was the mind of the messenger Zimmer was trying to get thru when she had struck. So the Senator was in New York! But where? Then with the 'phone. If she could only get word to him!

Suddenly on the air came a fearful cry. The girl crouched startled and swept to the window. From the direction of the hull came a dull red glare. Then a dense cloud of smoke arose. There was no one in the room! The man had escaped! Quickly Virginia ran into the hall. At the stern of the hull a licking fire was already beginning to blaze. She did not note the three men who were hurrying from the tug. They were walking rapidly toward the scene. The flames licked fiercely. Virginia's heart sank. Would she succeed?

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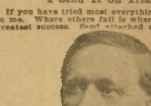

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Virginia Landis flung her arm out toward him.

"I know why! Zimmer—" He blanched a bit at the name. "Ah, you recognize the name? Zimmer has confessed. You hired him to damage the vessels. And he failed! He and the man you sent here. And the man you sent to New York to—to threaten me!"

Hurlburt's face became dark with rage.

"Zimmer confessed! The damned——" he choked, and spat out his cigar. There was a quick step and Johnstone's hand the man by the throat.

The Senator interposed and his calm voice rang out. "Calm yourself, Johnstone," he said, "Plenty of time now. Hold yourself in control!"

Johnstone looked at him and released his hold. "I—you're right, Senator," he said quietly.

The big man gripped Hurlburt by the arm, as he spoke his words were terse and biting.

"Hurlburt," he said shortly, "you think perhaps that you were pulling the wool over my eyes? Old game, old trick. But I want to say that you were not. You are a rotten, corrupt profiteer, Hurlburt, and I have known it for some time. This is the ultimate failure, my man, and then.

"Never leave your doors open," he cautioned. "Yes, Virginia, you were right. Upstairs lies the man who has kept me advised. His name isn't Zimmer. It is Clarke, and he is a man whom I hired to gather information for me." He laughed in a low tone again. "Hurlburt also hired him," he went on rapidly. "He told him all. I have just seen Zimmer. He kept his intention quiet for one reason—he wanted to protect me as much as possible. But, you—do you recall the meeting at the Touraine? Who was your rescuer? This same Zimmer, as you know him. He called me immediately. That is why I have been ready to come at a moment's notice. And I telegraphed Johnstone's officer to let him off tonight."

Virginia's eyes were smiling. "Then —Zimmer—is—"

"All right" put in the Senator. "Assuredly he is. But it was not his fault that you were not cognizant of his plans. That was mine. I did not want you to shoulder too much. You know you have done enough." There was genuine praise in his tones and he put his fingers paternally on her shoulders. Then he turned to the young khaki-clad fellow. "And you, sir, I have arranged to transfer you to the supervising of the building of these new hulls of steel."

Johnstone Markey straightened up. "I thank you, Senator," he said, quietly. "But I must decline. There is nothing here for me to do. Virginia can handle it better than even we can—you know that! Therefore I thank you, and decline—my country needs me where I am!"

The Senator bowed low. "Well said, sir. Just as I expected. Tomorrow, Virginia Landis, I suppose the bill that will give you the opportunity of building hundreds of these hulls of steel! Good night and good luck!"

There was a silence as they watched the big figure back to the tug. Then, with a happy little smile, two lips turned upward. Johnstone Markey gripped the form.

"—Virginia! You wonderful girl! Will you——"

"Will I build ships? Of course, Johnstone!" There her hands came to help her. There was a grim look of determination in her gray eyes. "And when you come back——"

But it was unsaid, for Johnstone's lips sealed it.

The End.

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Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

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EARN $40 WEEKLY IN YOUR SPARE TIME by taking orders for Dr. Scott's Electric Hose. Profit in advance. We deliver and collect. Sample and free book. Write for agency. Goodyear Mfg. Company, 191 Lydia Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Low Neck and Short Sleeves With Oxford Shoes in Winter Have No Terrors for Those Who Regain Health Through Gauss' Home Treatment for Catarrh.

Catarrh not only makes one feel miserable, it shows this effect in the features, and it usually grows worse. But thanks to a remarkable home treatment, there is recovery in store for every sufferer by the remarkable Gauss self home treatment, a trial of which you can have free in your own home.

An excessive secretion from the nostrils is an unsightly misery. A breath tainted with the odor of catarrh is an offense against all health and decency. The constant sneezing; the watery, red eyes; the hot and cold flushes; the choking, wheezing, gasping cough; these and a hundred other nuisances steal in upon us little by little until a summer cold has developed into dangerous catarrh.

Nearly everyone realizes they have catarrh, but few realize how badly they have it. No matter how slight the apparent attack, cure it. Even though your nose runs but occasionally, cure it. Don't let it get the best of you. Catarrh lays low, waiting its chance. Kept in check by a vigorous constitution you cough but little; you don't spit as badly as you will later on; you perhaps don't gag in the morning; maybe your breath is not now so rank as to be a public nuisance; it may be that your stomach still withstands the shock. Now is the time to cure it easily.

A stomach filled with droppings from diseased nasal cavities may cause untold misery. The bowels clogged with strings of ropy mucus indicates a body literally reeking with catarrh, causing skin eruptions.

The blood, swarming with catarrhal infection, entails upon the kidneys a labor that may break them down; the lungs and bronchial tubes, scourged with the destructive influence of systemic catarrh, can lead to anemia and the most serious consequences.

You are urged to write to C. E. Gauss of Marshall, Mich., for a free trial of his wonderful new home cure for catarrh. Having cured completely hundreds of his friends, neighbors and others, he now offers to send free to all a trial treatment direct to your home. It is enough of a treatment to convince. It gives positive relief. You realize the relief. You are conscious of it. Your eyes clear up, your red nose bleaches out; you stop gagging, spitting and choking; you look younger and feel it. This home treatment is one of the most important discoveries ever made, for it is a fact that nine people in ten have catarrh, but do not realize how badly they have it. You do not realize how quickly it may make you look old, feeble, wrinkled and utterly worn out. Catarrh should be treated when the first symptoms of sneezing, coughing and stuffy feeling in the head make their appearance.

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A host of girls and women have catarrh terribly. Look at those red noses and watery eyes. Ugh! what a breath! see those dry lips, those deep wrinkles.

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Do not think to successfully treat Catarrh by simply inhaling something. Remember that the nose is a natural outlet, and what it seeks to get rid of may have its origin in the entire membrane of the respiratory system, a general irritation or weakness that uses the nose as an escapement, a safety valve, a natural outlet. The best plan is to send for a free trial of Gauss' self home treatment. It comes to you all complete and the directions are easily followed. You don't have to prepare anything, as the entire method is so put up that you treat your nose, mouth, throat, stomach and the entire mucous linings at once.

These directions are a competent guide to self home treatment; they direct you on how to care for the health and in many ways are a standard guide to those little helps that prove a wonderful assistance.

As it is entirely free and a pleasure to send it to you, do not hesitate or delay to fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to C. E. Gauss, 5354 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

C. E. GAUSS,
5354 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

If your New Compound Treatment will relieve my Catarrh and bring me health and good spirits again, I am willing to be shown. So without cost or obligation to me, send, fully prepaid, the Free Treatment, with full directions for using.

Name .....

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Address .....

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